THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878. NUMBER 43.

Old Age.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once wore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thought as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequaled pure romance,
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth;
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truths,
Than any tale before or since;
Yes, they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight penned in classic shades;
Of days more bright than modern days,
Of maids more fair than modern maids.

The Old Grist Mill.

By Willow brook, beneath the hill,
Stands quaint and gray the old grist mill,
Spring mosses on its steep roof grow
Where broad their shade the willows throw.
The pond near by is clear and deep,
And round its brink the alders sweep:
The lily pads spread gay and green
The lilies white and gold between;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water-wheel turns round and round.

Among the reeds the musk-rat dives;
And swift "the swallow homeward flies;"
The robin sits in cedars near
Where Willow brook runs swift and clear;
The children by the school-house play,
Where slumberous shadows softly stray,
And warm and low the summer breeze
Is whispering thro' the willow leaves;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water-wheel turns round and round.

The crows now wing their southern way;
The squirrels in the nut trees play;
With merry shouts the school boys run;
The mountains blush 'neath autumn's sun;
Their grain they bring adown the hill,
The farmers, to the old grist mill;
And faint from far o'er hill and dale
Falls on the ear the thresher's flail;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water-wheel turns round and round.

Long years have come and passed away;
The mill with age is gaunt and gray;
The roof gaps wide to rain and sun;
With cobwebs thick the walls are hung.
The pond is overgrown with weeds;
The marsh-wren builds among the reeds;
The night winds thro' the willows moan;
The school-house gone, the children grown;
The farmers sleep where wild flowers grow,
Who brought their grain so long ago,
When ground the mill with rumbling sound,
And the water-wheel turned round and round.

HANDSOME JACK.

All was commotion this evening in Sandy Flat; the excitement was greatest, though, in the "Nugget," the general rendezvous of the miners. In fact, the conversation became so interesting that some of the most reliable and regular players pushed their chairs back near to the stove, and, assuming a comfortable position, determined to discuss the subject thoroughly and have it settled at once. There was a silence of a few moments after a while, each face wearing a thoughtful expression, as though each man was at his very wits' ends what next to say.

The silence was broken by Jim Marshall, whose face was barely discernible behind the dense cloud of smoke that floated before him, and which spoke "volumes" in proof of the profound thought in which he had been absorbed.

"Boys," said he, "they're a mighty fine-lookin' pair, anyhow, 'specially the little 'un."

This remark had been made no less than a dozen times by Jim since the arrival of the two ladies by the evening stage, and every time he reiterated it he added more stress to "specially the little 'un."

"The big 'un isn't to be sneezed at, neither," added Bill Turner.

Bill Turner's name fitted him exactly, for he was ready at all times to "go into" every new thing heard of or that happened to come his way. First in starting off to any new diggings that were heard of, and first to return with a big disgust; first to get into a row, and first to beat a disgraceful retreat. So to-night he was, as ever, ready to take part in the discussion; and, in fact, he took a most lively interest in it, for he had cast more than a friendly eye on the "little 'un" as she alighted from the stage, and, true to his fickle nature, he was immediately a captive to her charms; for indeed she was very pretty, as in fact was the larger one. The cause of his remark in reference to this latter was that made by Jim Marshall. Bill had a wholesome dread of James; and well he might, for their natures were as unlike as the stately pine and the scrubby chaparral, which difference had often been proved to Bill's shame; so when he heard Jim Marshall express such a decided preference for the smaller of the two ladies, he, true to his name and nature, immediately transferred his affections to the larger one; still he felt a little nettled, and ventured a deprecatory remark:

"But, boys, you know she looks a little—well"—catching the eye of Jim.

"Well, now, how does she look? Out with it," said Jim.

"That's what I was goin' to say—she's a mighty fine lookin' gal," added Bill.

But Jim knew that was not what he had intended to say; still he remained silent, and as the night was pretty far spent and adjournment in order, the convention disbanded.

There was a little scene that night, however, not witnessed by any of the miners, which took place outside of the Nugget. The actors were two, namely: Jim Marshall and Bill Turner.

"Now, Bill, I want you to tell me what you was goin' to say about that little 'un," said Jim.

"I wasn't goin' to say anything, I swear I wasn't," gasped Bill, for by the fierce visage of the man before him he knew that he was wholly in earnest.

"Now, see here, Bill, if ever you say a word agin them unpertected gals"—

Bill did not wait to hear the rest, but "You can jest chaw me up, if I do," he put in.

With an approving nod, Jim walked away toward his cabin, and Bill toward his.

Away down among the chaparral there glimmered a faint light that, sent its timid rays out through the little window, which were soon lost in the surrounding darkness of the wooded mountains. If we take a look into the cabin through the window, what do we see? Two ladies, evidently sisters, but not the least alike in appearance. One tall and rather dark, with long dark hair, that hangs carelessly down her back as she sits gazing affectionately at the sweet face before her—that of the one who had been christened by the miners the "little 'un." She, the smaller one, is fair, sweet faced and child-like; her face as smooth and soft as the velvety wing of a butterfly; and now, over the sweet, deep blue eyes the lids unconsciously fell, and her nodding head slowly drops and is caught by the hand of her sister, who lays it gently on her breast; and there, like an innocent babe, she lies sleeping, with the arms of her sister encircling her, while two dark eyes look down with a love akin to pity upon the face of the unconscious girl. But why did they come here? The question might well puzzle the brain of the most thoughtful miner. Here in this isolated cabin, far up in the Sierras, miles away from any of their kind—why did they come here, and what do they intend to do? These questions were again passed upon the next night at the Nugget, with the same result as the night before, although Bill Turner had called at the cabin that day "Jest to see if they wanted anything, bein' strangers." His acclamations were loud in praise of the new-comers; but his curiosity was as great as before, his call not having elicited anything whatever that would give a clue to their mysterious presence in this rough mining camp.

The next evening Jim Marshall had disappeared from the Nugget, and reappeared (to but few) in his best clothes scaling the rocks around the edge of the camp, trying to avoid the gaze of his companions; for well he knew that if he was seen making his way toward the little cabin down in the chaparral his peace of mind would suffer utter ruin. So, unobserved as he thought, he reached the door of the cabin, and, in answer to his knock, the door was opened by the "little 'un," who invited him in and spoke in the kindest and, as he thought, sweetest manner he had ever heard; and she offered her sister's excuses for not being present, she pleading illness. During the conversation which followed he plied questions, but in no way did he make himself offensive; but, adroit as were his questions, he elicited little more information than Bill Turner had. He was ashamed to let the fair creature before him know that he had not yet learned her name—the fact being that no one in the camp had—so he cautiously ventured:

"Hem, mum, how you spell your name?"

A slight twinkle was visible around her eyes as she slowly spelled "S-m-i-t-h."

"Thankee, mum, thankee," he said, very much confused; "rather—a—peculiar name;" and his tanned face grew almost blue with what would have been a blush had it been of a fairer hue. Jim was sorry he had put that question, for, as he expressed it several weeks after in the Nugget, he "had held his own" till then. What added more to his confusion was just the slightest ripple of laughter from the adjoining room where the little lady was. He soon, however, pleaded the lateness of the hour, and, after a kind invitation to "call again," departed toward his own cabin, where he divested himself of his present clothes and put on more comfortable ones, appearing in his accustomed place in the Nugget, looking as innocent as a lamb, only an hour late. That night every miner in town knew what the name of the two young ladies was, which information Jim Marshall had the honor and indiscretion to impart.

"But how did you find it out?" asked one.

"Oh, I got it from the stage driver this evening," he replied, and resumed his pipe.

"Why, I asked him last evening, and he said he didn't know nothin' about 'em," was the bombshell that Bill Turner dropped on Jim Marshall's head.

There was a short silence; them Jim added, slowly:

"Well, mebbe he forgot." But it would not do. There were a few winks passed around, and then Sam Noyes put in, significantly:

"Say, Jim, where was you goin' to-night with your store clothes on when I see you crossin' the little canon?"

Jim arose and made quick time for the door, to escape the roar which he knew was approaching, but which caught him before he reached the door.

For a week after this disastrous night Jim Marshall was not seen at the Nugget, and did not care to talk with any one whom he met; but one thing was noticed, that he no longer made his visits to the cabin chaparral a secret; and these visits grew more frequent, as did also those of Bill Turner. Jim soon returned to the Nugget, and, after suffering a little from the sport of the "the boys," settled back into his original condition of comfort.

So the weeks passed on into months; still the same impenetrable mystery hung around the occupants of the isolated little cabin. At the end of three months it was pretty well settled that Jim Marshall and the "little 'un" were engaged, and Bill Turner frankly admitted that he and the larger one were.

One evening Jim called at the cabin, and as it was no unusual occurrence, found that Bill Turner had preceded him; and, as was always the case whenever Jim called, the adored of William pleaded illness, excused herself and disappeared. This seemed singular to Jim as well as to Bill, but still it was never spoken of; and on such occasions the latter would don his hat and also disappear; but this evening he saw fit to remain, and, as his chief topics of conversation were narrations of wild and romantic adventures, he started in with some of the most startling and blood-curdling, of which he generally was the hero. Jim took no interest in these recitals of imaginary adventures, and only wished he could have administered his boot to this loquacious gentleman and retained the good graces of the fair one before him. So he smothered his wrath, and forced himself to listen to Bill's stories until he heard him mention the name of a person who had been suspected of the murder of the sheriff in the adjoining county; this man's name was Jack Redman, but better known as "Handsome Jack." Bill said he knew that Jack was guilty because he saw the murder. Both of the men were a little confused when they looked at the girl in front of them. Her face was deathly pale.

"Did you say you saw him kill the sheriff?" said Miss Smith, timidly.

"Yes, 'um; saw him shoot him," replied Bill.

"Say, Bill," put in Jim, "what kind of a lookin' man was Handsome Jack?"

"Well," he answered, "he was about six feet, had a heavy beard, and was a pretty fine-looking feller."

"Did he have his thumb and forefinger on his left hand cut off?" asked Jim.

"Yes, yes; come to think of it," he replied.

Jim thirsted for blood; so, seeing his chance, he bore down upon his enemy.

"Beggin' your pardon, mum," said he, this feller has been lyin' all this evening. Now you see I know Handsome Jack—"

"Do you!" broke in Miss Smith, quickly.

"Yes 'um—do you?"

"O, no, no," she replied, "but I've heard of him."

"Yes, 'um; I know him," he went on, "and he was one of the best-lookin' fellers I ever see,"

"Yes," said she.

"Yes, 'um, he's about five foot six." Then turning to Bill, "And he ain't got his thumb and forefinger cut off."

After a pause, he continued:

"Yes, 'um, and I'll jest tell you all about it. He was 'spected of killin' the sheriff; they caught him, and he had his trial; everything looked purty blue for him; the jury went out, and when they came back the next morning—they was kept locked up all night—they brought a verdict of 'Not guilty.'"

The fair face before the speaker grew still whiter as he spoke those words which have made so many hearts leap for joy, and then she arose and looked him in the face, and with trembling lips she asked:

"And he was saved?"

"That's more'n I can tell," said he; "cause when we was let out in the morning the bird had flew."

"When who were let out?" she said, quickly.

"Why, the jury. I was foreman of the jury that acquitted him," he replied.

"Thank God," she said. The fair head fell back, and she would have fallen had not the strong arms of Jim Marshall caught her.

At the same time there was a sound from the adjoining room, like a sigh of relief; then the inanimate form which Jim held in his arms began to revive, and soon the 'ids rose from the blue eyes, a smile flitted across the sweet face, and Jim, much agitated, and forgetting the presence of any one else, kissed the white brow of the lovely girl. She soon revived sufficiently to sit, and Jim, after putting some water to her lips, excused himself, and, followed by Bill at a distance, moved away from the cabin. Strange were the thoughts that passed through the minds of the two men that night and the next day. They felt that the mystery of these two persons was daily increasing, growing deeper and more insoluble. How do they live? Why do they live here? Where did they come from? And many other questions, equally mystifying, arrayed themselves defiantly before their minds.

The next evening, at the Nugget, the incidents of the previous evening were fully detailed, for, sure enough, Bill Turner had told the whole thing, including the kiss, and it was with much trepidation and misgiving that Jim Marshall ventured to face the frequenters of this rendezvous; but when he entered, the excitement in the immediate vicinity of Bill Turner was so great that he slipped into his place almost unnoticed.

In a few moments, Sam Noyese ame running out of the back room, into which he had just stepped, and cried:

"Where's Jim Marshall?"

Seeing him at the same instant, he beckoned him into the room which he had just left, and the men waited breathlessly for his return; and, in fact, some of the more curious followed him, and then they saw a sight that made the blood of at least one of their number boil.

But what was it? Through the window of the cabin down in the chaparral they saw the sweet little Miss Smith, with her head lying affectionately upon the breast of a man, his arms encircling her waist, while he imprinted kisses upon her upturned lips. It was too much for Jim; he rushed out through the saloon, and down toward the cabin, with pistol in hand.

"Foller him, boys, foller him," cried Sam Noyes, fearful lest the infuriated man should commit a rash deed.

The saloon poured forth its occupants, Bill Turner heading the crowd, and who reached the cabin at almost the same instant that Jim did, and in a moment the cabin was full of breathless, panting men. Standing at one end was a fine-looking young man, supporting the trembling form of the frightened girl. In his hand he held a pistol, ready to shoot the first man who made a move. No one seemed to know the stranger. His eyes were fixed on Jim Marshall, who in return glared at the intruder like a panther, and was the first to speak.

"Handsome Jack!" said he.

"Jim Marshall!" was the reply.

"Who is she?" gasped Jim, pointing.

"My wife!" came in a firm, manly voice.

The next morning there were two deserted claims over in the canon; the cabins that the day previous had covered the heads of Jim Marshall and Bill Turner were now untenanted, and at night, when Sam Noyes looked out of his back window toward the little cabin down in the chaparrel, all was darkness.

African Spiders.

Livingstone was once bitten, when half asleep, by a light-colored spider. Feeling something running across his forehead, he put up his hand to wipe it off, when he was sharply stung on the hand and head, and the pain was very acute, but it ceased after two hours. The natives declare that there is a small black spider in the country whose bite is fatal, but the great traveler did not meet with an instance in which death could be traced to this insect, though he saw a very large black hairy spider an inch and a quarter long, and three quarters of an inch broad, which had a hook at the end of its front claws similar to that at the end of the scorpion's tail. When these hooks were pressed the poison came out. There are spiders in South Africa which seize their prey by leaping upon it from a distance of several inches. When alarmed, they can spring about a foot away from the object of fear. A large reddish spider obtains its food in a different manner from either by patiently waiting in ambush, or by catching it with a bound. It runs about with great velocity, in and out, behind and around, every object, searching for what it may devour, and from its size and rapid motions, excites the horror of every stranger. It does no harm to men except to make the nervous and those that hate spiders very uncomfortable. This active little insect is very clever, for it imitates the mason-spider, and makes a nest in the earth, lined with beautiful, soft silk, covered with a nicely fitting trap door about the size of a shilling. When this is shut, it is so closely covered with hard earth that it cannot be distinguished from the rest.

In some parts of the country there are great numbers of a large, beautiful, yellow-spotted spider, the webs of which are about a yard across. The lines on which these webs are spun are hung from one tree to another, and are as large as coarse thread. The fibers of the web itself are so thick that it is a common thing in walking through the forest to get one's face covered by them like a lady's veil. Another kind of spider lives in society, and forms so great a collection of webs, placed at every angle, that the trunks of trees cannot be seen through them. A piece of hedge is often so hidden that the branches are invisible. Another is seen on the walls inside the huts of the natives. It is round in shape, spotted brown in color, and the body is half an inch across. The spread of the leg is about an inch and a half. It makes a smooth spot for itself on the wall, covered with a white, silky stuff. There it is seen standing the whole day. It has no real web but the soft, silky carpet, and is a harmless though an ugly neighbor.—*Travels in Africa.*

A Pointer's Contempt.

An English paper says: In proof of the dislike a pointer will show to a bad shot, Mr. Jesse adduces the following anecdote, given on reliable authority: A gentleman, on his requesting the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, was informed by him that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed fire it would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day fixed for trial; but unfortunately his new master was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched, till at last the pointer became careless and often missed his game. As if seemingly willing, however, to give one chance more, he made a dead stop at a fern bush, with his nose pointed downward, the foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this position he remained firm until the sportsman was close to him with both barrels cocked; then, moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind, by moving regularly backward and forward. At last sprang out a fine old blackcock. Bang! bang! went both barrels, but the bird escaped unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and instead of dropping to charge, he turned boldly around, placed his tail between his legs, gave one growl, long and loud, and set off as fast as he could for his own home.

HEROIC TOIL AND DARING.

Diving for Lost Gold Amid Huge Surf Rollers and Through Fifteen Feet of Sand—Nearly $1,300,000 Won from a Wreck.

The Pacific steamship Golden Gate, when off the west coast of Mexico on July 27, 1862, took fire, and her commander, Capt. Hudson, ran her ashore on the beach about eighteen miles north of Manzanillo. The vessel was burned to the water's edge, 228 human beings lost their lives in her destruction, either by the flames or the waves, and the rich treasure she had on board, of $1,500,000 in gold and bullion, sank to the bottom. The treasure was inclosed in ninety-six boxes, the contents of which varied in value from $4,000 to $37,000 each. Several expeditions were sent down from San Francisco to recover the treasure, but all came back empty handed. The surf along the coast where the vessel was wrecked is terrible in its might, and its roar can be heard for miles. At last an expedition went down which took along two divers, Johnson and Sidney Cook. Mr. Cook succeeded in overcoming herculean difficulties and recovering a large amount of treasure.

The first dive was made by Johnson, who went down outside the surf and worked his way in as well as he could on the bottom, to the wreck. But he only took down with him the ordinary weights that divers use, and the waves made a plaything of him. The big rollers going in would heave him along at race horse pace, and the under-tow would seize his bulk and roll him back to the surface, a badly scared and discouraged man.

Cook made the next dive, for which he had prepared himself according to his views of the requirements of the occasion. Two hundred pounds of lead were disposed firmly on and about him. That weight kept him down, and as he crawled on his abdomen over the sand he escaped the force of the billows and had only the under-tow to contend with. Relating the story himself, he says:

"Shortly after reaching the locality of the broken end of the keel—which was confined in the sand under the engine bed-plate, I was violently forced along the bottom by the under-tow. After being dashed in-shore by a huge breaker, I came in contact with two square ends of wood sticking out of the sand about six inches, but before I could make an examination of them I was dashed away. When I again found them I clasped both arms around them, while the surf and under-tow would swing me around in a circle. I did not know what I had hold of, whether the ends of timbers or boxes of gold, until the under-tow running under my arms cut the sand away around the boxes so that they tilted over. I then realized what I held clasped in my arms. I shouted and cheered to myself, as I knew all would do when the boxes would reach the lighter. Now, I did not know what to do with them. I could not handle them both, and was afraid to leave one lest the Mexican divers might find it, or it might become buried before I could return for it. I finally took one in my arms and gave a quick, strong pull on my life-line, which is a signal of distress, and is never given except when the diver wants to be drawn up in haste. I lay about 300 feet from the lighter. The bottom was winrowed in small ridges of sand running parallel with the shore. Over those drifts I was dragged as fast as four men could haul me with an inch rope about my waist. On being hauled up under the end of the lighter my back came out of the water first, my feet being loaded with leaded boots, and the box of gold in my arms. I could faintly hear excited words—that I was dead. In the excitement the men ceased pumping air to me. The skiff came round to where I was suspended, and I could distinctly hear the men say I was dead. One of them reached under my head to unscrew my face-glass and discovered the box in my arms. Then all was changed from sadness to extreme joy, and three cheers went up for the diver. After being relieved of my burden I waved my hand to be lowered to the bottom again, and soon found the other box. I gave the same signal on the life-line, but received kind treatment compared with my first trip to the lighter. I never want another such ride as I had over those sand-ridges, with a box of gold weighing 175 pounds in my arms, lying on my side, and dragged at the end of a rope. I thought every bone in my body would be broken."

One or two more boxes were found the next day, making up a total value of some $100,000, which had been kept up near the surface of the sand by some broken planks, but all the rest were deeply sunk in the sand, and it seemed for a time impossible to reach them. After some days spent in inaction and consideration, the bright idea occurred to Mr. Cook of employing hydraulic power to bore through the hard sand bottom, down to the gold, holes sufficiently large for him to descend and explore. The carpenters constructed a rude wooden force-pump. A hose was made of canvas, and a rolled-up piece of sheathing-metal answered for a nozzle. With that crude apparatus he made his first attempts at submarine hydraulic washing, and found that it would fully realize all he hoped for from it.

Sitting on the sand, he would point the nozzle downward between his legs, and in a few minutes a hole about as big as a barrel would be bored, into which he would gradually sink. As long as the stream of water from the pump was kept up it would keep the hole open around him, and the rising current from it would maintain a strong current, laden full with sand, boiling and bubbling up around him. But if the stream slackened for an instant, the heavy sand would immediately pack in about him, confining him as tightly as if he had been in a mold. In such an event he would, of course, have been beyond all possibility of human help, and every moment thus employed by him was fraught with deadliest peril. He had to go down in that way, through holes twelve and fifteen feet deep, to reach the desired point. To do so would sometimes occupy an hour. Often, when partially down, a huge roller would seize the hose, fastened to his waist and his life-line, and would seem to strive, with a giant's force, to tear him out of the hole. On one occasion, he relates:

"I descended to a plate of boiler-iron, and in turning the stream of water in front of me to work my way off of the boiler-plate I became fastened by the sand closing around me from behind, which it did almost instantly. My arms were buried as far as the wrists, my hands being the only part of me not buried, as solid as if molten metal had been run around me. The nozzle had jumped out of my hands, and was swinging at the end of the rope which was tied to me. The under-tow carried it back over my head, the stream of water passing over my head and pointing in shore. I was in an easy position, but, being packed so solidly, could not make an effort to clear myself, or make a signal, or receive one, expecting every moment that the escape of air would be stopped, thus bursting the air-hose, which would be the end of all. I remained in that position over two hours—it seemed ages—when a huge roller came crashing in, straightening the water-hose, kedge anchor, and all inshore beyond me, and pointing the stream of water directly against me, thus washing me out."

With his crude hydraulic machinery he was enabled to recover $675,000 more in gold, making a total of $775,000. Then, one night a furious gale swept the lighters in ruins on the beach and sank the engine, a disaster which compelled him return to San Francisco to refit, and as the season was then advanced, nothing could be done until the next winter (1861), when Mr. Cook accompanied another expedition and recovered $523,000 more, making in all $1,298,000 obtained from the wreck.

The Barley Crop.

From the Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

Early in the season our reports and exchanges from the agricultural districts contained notice after notice of 45 per cent., 50 per cent., and as high as 90 per cent. decreased area planted to barley, due, as then stated, to unproductive prices realized for the past two years; the uncertainty of crop, and the fact, that at seeding time the wrangle over the treaty of St. Stefano was going on, and both England and Russia had seemingly assumed a stand from which neither could back down without a loss of honor, and not to do so was to deluge Europe with a war, thus closing Russian wheat ports, and assuring for this country high wheat prices in such case, and farmers generally realizing this, forsook barley and put their land into wheat. It is now generally admitted that the spring wheat crop through the west is almost a failure, having been struck at its critical period by excessive heat, and this atmospheric cause had its effect on barley, reducing the yield on the largely decreased area sown very materially, and to add to the misfortune was, almost over the entire west, followed by great damage caused by drenching rains and wind storms lodging the crop, thus again lessening the product. Under these collection of misfortunes we would naturally look for a movement, at centres like Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis of a character in keeping with the diminishing production, but are surprised to find, more especially at Chicago and Milwaukee, the crop receipts so far, instead of being light are really ahead of last year, the largest barley year we ever had. It is true that the inspection reports of both places show the damage above commented upon, in the shape of light arrivals of the market grade No. 2, and this is shown by the wide difference it commands over the inferior kinds, but the question is how to account for the comparatively large receipts under the circumstances. We have spoken to many well posted and they tell us that barley is always marketed early and that this year the incentive to do so is strong, for it is the only cereal the farmers hold which brings a fair price, the loss of their spring wheat being offset by the increased production of winter, or at all events, for the time being by the large deliveries of winter wheat states. In looking over statistics of barley we find some interesting figures which we give below and the official authority from which the same are derived. We find by the Milwaukee chamber of commerce report for 1878 that the average price of No. 2 barley there for ten years past is $1.02, or only three cents per bushel below the current value now. The official New York produce exchange circular compiled from the agricultural department of the United States gives barley crops for several years as follows: 1873, 32,044,481; 1874, 22,552,500; 1875, 36,908,000; 1876, 28,710,000; there is no official estimate yet for 1877, but another authority places it at 37,000,000, the deficiency on the year previous being due to shortage in Pacific states. Our great competitor in barley production is the Dominion of Canada, but our tariff laws tax her shipments fifteen cents per bushel in gold; but even with this obstacle she plays an important part in our supply. The same causes which gave us a decreased area had the same effect in Canada, as did also the atmospheric influences which hurt our crop. The decrease in area in Canada is put at 33 to 40 per cent., and the yield at five bushels per acre below that of last year, to say nothing of amount rendered unfit for malting. The crop of 1877 was estimated at 10,000,000 bushels; accepting the theory of decreased area, the product would be for 1878, all kinds, 6,500,000 bushels, making a deficiency for the crop of 3,500,000 bushels. According to the department of agriculture, the crop through the states of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Nevada, was for the year 1877 equal to 17,200,000 bushels. Assuming the decreased area and damage done is equal to 50 per cent., which does not seem an over estimate, we have a deficiency representing 8,600,000 bushels. East of the Pacific coast, the state of New York ranks highest as a barley producer. The agricultural department reports put the crop for 1876 at 6,500,000 bushels; that of 1877 was larger, it is estimated, by 1,400,000 bushels, giving a net product for 1877 of 8,000,000 bushels. The area planted in 1878 is estimated at 30 to 40 per cent. below 1877, or a deficiency for New York of 3,300,000 bushels.

Apart from Pacific coast states and those given above, the quantity of Barley raised is too small to materially affect figures of production.

We will, therefore, look at the deficiency as collected above, and it shows as follows:

	Bushels.
Canada deficient	3,500,000
Seven northwestern states deficient	8,600,000
State of New York deficient	3,300,000
Total deficiency	15,400,000

Against this deficiency, however, there were last year exported to Europe and surplus of stock on August 1st, 1878, a surplus of altogether say 4,900,000 bushels, so that the net deficiency is equal to 10,500,000 bushels. Now on the assumption that the crop of 1877 was equal to 37,600,000 bushels, and take this year's shortage of 10,500,000 bushels, it would show a crop of 27,100,000 bushels, or 4,941,481 bushels below any year since 1873, and that year (1873) No. 2 barley sold in Milwaukee at 62 cents in July, $1.06 in August $1.20 in September, $1.45 in October, $1.45 in November and $1.46 in December, and in the following year at $1.80 in January, $1.80 in February, and on the crop of 1874, with its 32,500,000 bushels product, it touched $1.33 in September.

From these statistics we can draw but one conclusion, and that is in favor of higher prices for barley. Producers can draw their own conclusions from the facts and figures which we have reproduced, but we are confident they will concur with us after reading the facts as here presented.

A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband in order to offer consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact; and when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such faith, when she broke in upon such meditations by exclaiming sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him then by this time!"

BELLING THE RAT.

How a Famous St. Louis Rat-Catcher Captures the Rodents.

Tom Costello, of St. Louis, Mo., is famed as a human rat-catcher. He captures and removes these animals alive from hotels and houses where they are an annoyance and a pest. They are then taken to the rat-pit to become martyrs to the superior ability of the well-bred black-and-tans. Costello catches rodents by means of a "belled rat." A reporter accompanied him on an expedition to a wretched and worm-eaten hotel, fairly alive with the vermin, and gives the following account of his experience: The arrival was made after midnight. Silently and cautiously the rookery was examined until the circuit run by the rats was determined.

Rats in a building are as the inhabitants of a city or the inmates of a large building. Certain holes in floors and wainscoting, drain-pipes, dark halls, passages in the walls, etc., are to rats what streets in the city are to pedestrians, and hallways in buildings to the inmates. Just as one avenue, by reason of superior width or light, is raised by people to the dignity of a promenade, or as some alley-way, by reason of being a short cut between two points, is made a thoroughfare, is a drain-pipe, a noisome hallway, or a hole in the floor put in constant and general use by the rats. Well, on the occasion referred to, Costello looked around and found that a dumb waiter, or hand elevator, leading from the basement of the building upward, was the boulevard, the main street, as it were, of this rat colony.

He laid for a rat and caught him. A small bell was tied about the captive's neck by means of a ribbon, and then the rodent was released. It was off like flash. Minutes passed by without results. At last the skurrying of rats through the walls and upper passages of the house was heard. It gradually increased. The principle the rat-catcher worked on was that the bell would scare the rat. His terror would communicate to his fellows, and they in turn would flee before him as from a pestilence. He had calculated correctly. The noise became like that of the rattling of a heavy rain. The bright-eyed vermin shrieked and squealed as they fled in their terror.

The reporter and Costello stood in a small room—the elevator ended in it. There was a rattling noise in the elevator. The room was darker than an Egyptian night. The noise increased and pervaded the room. Then the reporter realized that the rats were in the room in a myriad. He could hear their squealing, and at last observed the phosphorescent gleam of their eyes. They crawled over his feet. The perspiration stood on him in drops and his hair raised. He lost a year's growth right then. "No danger; keep still; don't move, and they won't bite you," said Costello. The reporter groaned in terror. Costello then lit a lamp. The floor was covered with the rodents. With a pair of tongs he picked up and bagged them all. There were 128 of them. When they were in the bag the reporter was very, very happy.

Saved by a Play-bill.

The old saying that everything finds its use sooner or later is simply borne out by an episode in Russia's eastern progress which one may still hear related at times with infinite glee, by some veteran of the Russian army. While Bokhara was still an independent principality under the terrible Nashrullah Kahn, a small party of Russian engineer officers from the settlement of the Syr-Daria ventured into the hostile territory, in the hope of surveying a portion of it before they could be interrupted. This hope, however, was speedily disappointed by the appearance of an overwhelming force of Bokharlote horsemen, who advanced with the evident intention of attacking them.

The Russian leader, seeing his case desperate, boldly assumed the character of a special envoy from the czar to the ameer, and in this character made a triumphal entry into the capital, escorted by the very men who had been about to take his life. Admitted to an audience he coolly presented his own gold watch and silver-handled knife to the savage despot, as the czar's gift to his "royal brother," and everything was proceeding with the utmost smoothness, when the ameer upset everything by suddenly observing that surely the great czar of the Oorocs (Russians) must have sent a letter of some kind along with his gifts.

At this malapropos remark the self-styled embassador turned pale as death, and already felt his head sit loosely upon his shoulders. A young subaltern beside him, however, with miraculous presence of mind, drew from his pocket-book an old play-bill of the Alexander theater at St. Petersburg, and coolly read from it an imaginary letter of congratulation, winding up by handing it with a low bow to the ameer. The latter, who had already seen the czar's name appended to more than one official document, was quite convinced by the sight of the huge "Alexander" along the top of the paper in company with the Russian double eagle; and the precious play-bill was reverently deposited among the royal archives of Bokhara, where it probably remains to this day.

The Carpet Beetle.

In an article in the *American Naturalist*, Prof. Liutner contributes some new facts concerning this pest. He says it is known in Oregon, California, through most of the Western States, over the State of New York, and in various places in New Jersey. It does not confine its ravages to carpets, but infests and injures wearing apparel which has been left some time hanging in closets. One person reports that it has been found eating cotton goods. The beetle so nearly resembles the one which is frequently seen on bacon, dried beef, etc., that most housewives who happened to find one of these beetles on the window of a bed-room or chamber would suppose it to resemble the "bacon-beetle." In our own experience we have found them attacking the white portions of a carpet in preference to the colored parts. The larva which does the mischief, is dark brown, hairy, oval in shape, and the hairs at the head and tail are longer than those fringing the sides. If the carpet be lifted carefully and quickly, the little worm—about three-sixteenths of an inch long when fully grown—will lie perfectly still for a moment, and then move rapidly into a convenient crack in the floor, or under the base-board of the room.

The perfect beetle is supposed to subsist, like its relative, the "museum pest," on flowers or the honey therein, although they have not been taken on flowers, except in California. The beetle is black, with a red line down the back, from which line are three projections on each side, opposite which projections, and well down on the sides of the beetle, are irregular white spots or splashes. Its length is about one-eighth of an inch. So far as tried, kerosene or benzine seems to be the only convenient medicament which will kill the larva. The ordinary remedies against moths seem to have no effect.—*Country Gentleman.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

STARCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one and a half of starch, two of flour, one of sweet milk, one of butter, three teaspoons of baking-powder, one teaspoon of lemon, whites of eight eggs, and five for icing.

MOCK MINCE.—One cup of bread crumbs, one cup of water, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of vinegar, butter size of walnut and two eggs; let it come to a boil; raisins and spice to suit the taste.

SILVER PIE.—One large potato, peeled and grated; add the juice and rind of a lemon to the white of an egg, well beaten; add one cup of sugar and one cup of water; beat well together and bake in a dish with one crust. When done, beat the whites of three eggs with half a cup of fine sugar and pour over the top and set it in the oven to brown.

BEEF PICKLE.—To prepare pickle for beef, take one and a half pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of saleratus, and nine pounds of salt, and boil in four gallons of water. Skim and cool, and pour enough of it over the meal to cover it. The pickle should be boiled over once a month, and should have a pound of salt and two ounces of sugar added to it at these times.

TO BOIL FISH.—Split the fish down the back and rub it over with melted butter or olive oil. The fire should be clear and bright, and the gridiron a wire one that can be turned without disturbing the fish. When done slip it on a hot platter, and season to taste with pepper, salt, and melted butter; sprinkle some chopped parsley over the top and garnish with sliced lemon.

SOUPS AND BROTHS.—Cool broth quickly, and it keeps longer. Use a flat-bottom kettle, as less likely to scratch. Soft water is best for soups; a little soda improves hard water. All kinds of bones should be smashed and boiled five or six hours, to take out all the nutriment, the liquor then strained, and kept in earthenware or stone, not in tin. Take off the fat when cool.

LEMON BUTTER.—Melt one pound of sugar and half a pound of butter together, and when this begins to boil stir into it five beaten eggs and the juice of five lemons; add the eggs very slowly, removing the mixture from the fire for that purpose and beating it constantly with an egg-whisk or a fork; return again to the fire and let it boil up again for a minute, stirring all the time.

APPLE BREAD.—Peel and core eight good-sized apples and boil them in water till tender. Let them cool until a little over milk-warm, then mix them thoroughly into enough sifted flour to make a thick paste. Put into a crock, set in a warm place and let stand over night. In the morning take this sponge and make bread in the usual manner. It is very palatable and light.

ARROWROOT CUSTARD.—Arrowroot is a little out of fashion, but it is very nice nevertheless, as any invalid can testify who has a friend not particular about style in preparing dainties for the sick. Two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, one quart of sweetened milk, a pinch of salt, and a little flavoring, make a delicious custard. Boil the milk, stir in the arrowroot, boil again, and cool in cups.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—These we think very nice, and superior to those boiled or steamed. Roll thin any nice puff paste and cut into square pieces. Pare and remove the cores from nice stewing apples, and roll an apple in each piece of paste; put them into a baking dish, brush them with the white of an egg beaten stiff, and sift sugar over them. Bake about three-quarters of an hour, and serve with milk and sugar, flavored with vanilla.

HARD WATER.—When hard water is used for cooking or washing it is best to boil it for a few minutes before using it, as then the fur or sediment is thrown down on the sides of the boiler, and not on the food or clothes. Hard water isn't good for making tea, as the strength of the tea leaves is very slowly extracted. The bad effects of hard water in cooking may be partly remedied by using a small quantity of carbonate of soda, or even common washing soda, which softens the water, though if much be added it gives a soapy unpleasant taste.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil tender two nice chickens, mince well the meat, removing every scrap of fat, gristle and skin; take the best part of a small cabbage, discarding all the pith and green leaves, chopped fine—there should be less than a quart when chopped—chop half as much celery as cabbage and mix well with the chickens; then boil four eggs very hard, work the yelks to a paste with a wooden spoon; half a gill of good sweet olive oil or one gill of melted butter; mix gradually with the egg until all is united; add one tablespoon of finely ground best black pepper, two tablespoons of mixed mustard stirred thoroughly into the paste, and add one teacup of vinegar and one tablespoon of salt; mix all together half an hour before using. If you like, add half a cup of grated horseradish.

Washing House Plants.

A plant breathes like an animal, and not through one mouth but through thousands. As is well known, the plant draws up its food from the soil through the roots in a liquid form. This food, very much diluted, must be concent

The Centre Reporter.

D. KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct. 24, 1878.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union Co.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery Co.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford Co.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Pres't Judge—C. A. Mayer.
Congress—Andrew G. Curtin.
Senator—Cyrus T. Alexander.
Assembly—Wm. A. Murray, Harris; J. P. Gephart, Bellefonte.
Sheriff—John Spangler, Potter.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick, Marion.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper, Bellef.
Commissioners—George Swab, Harris; Jacob Dunkle, Walker.
Register—W. E. Burchfield, Ferg.
Recorder—Wm. A. Tobias, Bellef.
Auditors—Ths. B. Jamison, Gregg; George Williams, Worth.
Coroner—C. Cambridge, Unionville.

CURTIN IN 1872 AND 1878.

We last week re-printed nearly three columns from the "Democratic Watchman" of 1872, in which Mr. Meek lauded Curtin to the very skies, and pronounced him in every manner a fit subject to be taken into the democratic party and one of whom the party could feel proud. Our neighbor was right.

The "Watchman" further went on, and with fiery zeal recommended Mr. Curtin worthy the support of every democrat for the important position of delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention. Again Mr. Meek's paper was right, and the Reporter at that time [1872] spoke in the same vein in favor of Gov. Curtin, and was proud of his accession to the democratic ranks.

Now, honest democrats of Centre, if you could follow the advice of Meek's Watchman and of the Reporter, in 1872, and give Curtin every vote, and work for him so as to make him run ahead of the ticket, why is not Gov. Curtin now fully as deserving your support since he has stood a probation of six years of hard labor for the success of the democratic party in Pennsylvania and other states? Say?

If Meek's Watchman, in 1872, when Curtin was just over, fresh from the republican party, could make it appear that he deserved a high place in our party and should have every democratic vote, how can Gov. Curtin be worse now after six years faithful service in the party? Say?

Our neighbor, the Watchman, was wild for Curtin in 1872, as we showed from articles copied in the Reporter last week, yet in the face of all that, that paper refuses to support him now when he is the regular democratic nominee for congress—why is this? is there any other reason than simply because Mr. Meek failed to get the nomination? Is that the kind of democracy that the Watchman has been preaching and is its editor now following his own teachings? Far from it.

If there is any one man in Centre county who can and should put up with a defeat, it is Mr. Meek, for he has been better served by his party than any editor or leading democrat in central Pennsylvania. He has received four terms in the lower house of the state legislature—double the usages in this county. He has received four or five nominations from this county as its choice for senator, and his paper, the Watchman, has been supported by the party, in princely style besides, and yet now, when for once he is not successful in getting a nomination, he pouts and refuses to give the regular nominee of the party his support.

We repeat, is Mr. Meek living up to what he had been preaching through the Watchman, and especially, as to what he had to say of Curtin in 1872?

Democrats, when there is treachery in the camp it behooves us to be all the more vigilant and see that secret schemes and plans to defeat the ticket, or part of it, are brought to naught. There is no good cause for scratching—the democratic nominees are all men of unexceptionable character, and every one was fairly nominated. Democrats determine that no treason shall strike down a single nominee. The future of the party demands present success. Remember this important fact, democrats of Centre, and use all fair means for the election of every man upon our ticket.

No good democrat will refuse to vote for John Spangler for Sheriff. Mr. Spangler has never flinched in his duty to the party, and few democrats in the county can claim as much credit for useful service. He never flinched, whether in victory or defeat and was always in the harness hard at work for the success of the ticket, saving neither time nor money. Democrats, now do your duty towards one who has always been faithful.

Vote for the honest old farmer, Adam Yearick, for treasurer, a life long democrat, and a gentleman of spotless character. The people's money will be safe in such hands. Mr. Yearick belongs to the toiling masses and is a competent man for the place.

Mr. Tilden Publishes a Denial of His Knowledge of The Cipher Telegrams.

New York, Oct. 17.—Samuel J. Tilden publishes a card in which referring to the recent cipher telegram publication, he says that he has no knowledge of the existence of these telegrams nor any information about them, except what has been derived from or since their publication.

Referring to the alleged attempts to negotiate for electoral votes in Florida and South Carolina, he denies all knowledge of the existence or purport of any telegram relating to the subject. He cites, as evidence, that any action on his part looking to a bargain of any kind would have been inconsistent with his plans, the fact that he had in view a system of reforms which he could not have carried out unless he was untrammeled by any commitment in the choice of men to execute the official trusts of the government, and free from any obligation to special interests. "I was resolved to go into the Presidential chair," he says, "in full command of my resources or not at all."

Gov. Bigler was among the earliest to suggest the nomination of Gov. Curtin as the democratic candidate for congress. Gov. Bigler is one of the purest democrats in this state, and when in this county recently asked that it should be told his numerous friends here, that the noblest thing the democracy of Centre could do, would be to support Curtin for congress.

Do you want a man of ability who will be an honor to the district to go to Congress, then vote for Curtin.

BLACK AND BUCKALEW FOR CURTIN.

When such distinguished democrats as Judge Black and Chas. R. Buckalew can endorse Curtin's nomination and urge his election, we do not see why lesser lights should hesitate. Both these gentlemen contradict slanders that are being circulated against Gov. Curtin, as will be seen by their letters in this issue of the Reporter, in reply to interrogatories by Chairman Gephart. Read the correspondence in another column.

The Watchman's excuse, last week, for rebelling against the democratic nomination for congress won't hold water, and is not accepted at all by the party. Where it brings in Judge Hale, it shows the weakness of its position. Judge Hale was not the democratic candidate; was not nominated by the democrats; the democratic conference adjourned without making a nomination at all because the district then was hopelessly black, leaving every democrat free to vote as he pleased. The choice then was between Armstrong a rabid abolitionist and Judge Hale conservative republican and independent candidate, and it was simply a choice with democrats whether they would vote for Hale as the lesser of two evils, and in voting for him thus chose the wiser course, because it resulted in a defeat of the abolition candidate, which caused a split among the radicals through which the democrats two years afterwards were enabled to elect Henry Sherwood to congress.

With Curtin it is different—he pronounces himself a democrat and for six years has worked hard in our party and was lauded to the skies by the Watchman itself only three months after he was in the party as can be seen from the Watchman articles which we republished last week and this week.

As for Greeley, you did support the electoral ticket that was pledged for him and had it at the head of your paper which was the same thing, and you opposed Grant. But now you are opposing the democrat Curtin and give favorable winks to Cameron's Yocum.

Democrats, you must choose between Seth Yocum a rabid republican who never voted a democratic ticket and Gov. Curtin who for six years has been an active democrat. Which? By not voting for Curtin you throw one vote for Yocum.

DID ALL THAT COULD BE ASKED.

The Democrats in Congress have done everything, says the Tyrone Democrat, any reasonable member of the so-called National party could have asked or expected. The Democratic House passed the bill repealing the resumption act; it originated and passed the bill remonetizing silver, it passed a bill making greenbacks receivable for custom duties; it passed the bill originated by Senator Thurman requiring the Pacific railroad corporations to settle with the government; it substituted a bond at a low rate of interest for some of the bonds bearing a high rate; and last but not least, it lightened the burden of federal taxation to the extent of eighty-eight millions of dollars in three years. Thus have the Democratic representatives in Congress fulfilled the pledges of their party to the people. Should not such fidelity to the public interest and such zealous devotion to the cause of the workingman be rewarded by the confidence of a grateful people?

Will democrats allow Cameron's money and hired pimps to take any votes from Gov. Curtin in this county? We trust not. Cameron has done more to cheat the democratic party of this state out of elections than any other dozen men in it. He has now got hired tools at work in this county to work for Curtin's defeat.

When Cameron stands against Curtin, and such democrats as Buckalew, Bigler Dill, Black, and others for Curtin, no good democrat will be found siding and secretly working with Cameron.

Gov. Curtin's speeches in the last six years are as full of democracy as those of any of our old leaders. Democrats, stand by Curtin, the regular nominee of your party.

HOYT AND KEHOE.

THE REPUBLICANS OF PENNSYLVANIA TO SUSTAIN THE PURCHASE OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRE VOTE.

The death warrant of Jack Kehoe has not been issued and if it should be issued will be followed by a reprieve from the governor after the election. The republican politicians are trading on the life of the convicted man and they take their cue from the corrupt bargain and sale engineered by their candidate, Col. Hoyt, in 1875, when he was chairman of the Republican State Committee. We will let Mr. J. H. Lambert, the staff correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, tell the story. Mr. Lambert in writing to the Times from Pittsburg, under date of October 10, says:

"It is a fact that the important question of buying this vote (the Molly Maguire) with money was discussed at length and earnestly by the republican state committee in the campaign of 1879. The proposition for the purchase as presented to the committee met with opposition from a few of the members, notably Mr. Wm. H. Kemble, of Philadelphia, who vigorously protested against the permanent disgrace and injury which such action, if consummated would bring upon the republican party. He was outvoted down, however, by a considerable majority of the members, and a fund of between four and five thousand dollars was immediately provided, which was passed over, through Gen. Siegfried and other local politicians of Schuylkill, to work its infamous purpose. Col. Henry M. Hoyt, the present republican candidate for governor, was chairman of the state committee which decided upon this policy and provided the money. He will not deny the accuracy of this statement, nor will any member of his committee of that year."

This statement puts the responsibility for the purchase of the Molly Maguire vote for Hartranft in 1875, through the agency of Jack Kehoe and his conferees, upon Henry M. Hoyt. This is a part of his record. It is a record, too, which he cannot dispute or explain. The money raised by the state committee of which Hoyt was chairman was paid to Jack Kehoe by Gen. Sigfried of Schuylkill county who to-day holds office under Hartranft and who is the bosom friend of Hoyt. This fact was proved under oath upon the Molly Maguire trials. When even so thoroughpaced a partisan as William H. Kemble recoiled from the proposition which was afterwards carried into effect by Hoyt and his committee it may be understood how disgraceful and revolting it was. Now, according to Mr. Lambert, the Hoyt managers are actively engaged in an effort to repeat the corrupt and infamous bargain of 1875 with the Molly Maguires. The new contract is based on the life of Jack Kehoe. A fellow by the name of J. J. Gallagher, of M'Keesport, has been procured to go among Irishmen to represent that in order to save Jack Kehoe from the gallows they must vote the greenback ticket. As the Irish vote is chiefly democratic the purpose of Gallagher's employers is to divert it if possible from Mr. Dill. They know they cannot get it for Hoyt. But their fraudulent and desperate scheme has been exposed and will certainly fail. All that Hoyt and his managers will take by this atrocious trick will be the humiliation and disgrace they deserve. If decent republicans mean to vote consistently for a republican candidate for governor they had better recall their convention and place another name at the head of the ticket.

Who raised the salaries of legislators and congressmen? It was the Cameron party, and now it opposes Curtin because he opposes their plunder schemes.

REPUBLICAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

OFFICIAL FACTS FOR VOTERS AND TAX-PAYERS.

To show the difference between republican and democratic administration, we furnish facts below, that are worthy the study of every taxpayer. It will be seen, that before, as well as since the war, the democratic party has practiced economy and that under radical rule there has always been extravagance. The figures below are from the official records:

Appropriations made by three years of democratic as compared with the preceding three years of republican ascendancy in congress, viz.:

Estimates	$176,226,348.
As Passed House	147,687,739.
As Passed Senate	161,852,263.
Laws	157,200,833.

$6,000,000 additional estimates were sent in not included in the regular book from the treasury.

It appears by these figures that the democratic house appropriated twenty-eight and a half millions less than the estimates; that the republican senate raised the bills of the house more than fourteen millions, and that the laws as passed exceeded the house grants by nearly ten millions. In the last congress, when the house commenced the work of reducing the public expenditures, the senate struck off ten millions from the budget of economy, and now they have repeated the act of hostility to the same extent. These are the naked facts.

Appropriations For Three Years.

Republican.		
1874.	1875.	1876.
$189,025,793	$184,304,787	$177,370,687
Democratic.		
1877.	1878	1879.
$154,390,943	$153,608,681	$158,773,498

Total three years of republican appropriations..... $550,701,067.
Total three years of democratic appropriations..... $466,773,117

Total democratic reduction... $ 83,927,950

Average annual reduction..... $ 27,975,983

The regular appropriations for the current fiscal year were largely increased by exceptional items, which might fairly be deducted from the total. For example:

The fishery award	$5,500,000
Pensions to soldiers of 1872, dropped since 1861	$1,500,000
Half the sum voted to rivers & harbors, no bill having passed last year	$4,150,000
New items and increased grants for light houses, navy yards, public buildings, signal service, coast survey, life saving stations, United States courts, judgments, etc	$1,750,000
Total	$12,900,000

ENORMOUS INCREASE OF STATE EXPENDITURES BY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

During the time the republican party has been in power in this state the expenditures of the state government for the ordinary objects of government have been increased from $379,094 to the enormous sum of $1,332,883. These figures are compiled from the appropriation bills of those dates and other official sources. We take the central year of the last democratic administration (Gov. Packer) and compare it with the last of republican rule (Gov. Hartranft), which give the following results, to wit:

	1869.	1878.
Salary of governor	$4 000	$10 000
Sec'y commonwealth	1 700	4 600
Deputy secretary commonwealth	1 500	2 500
Auditor general	1 700	3 000
Surveyor general (sec'y internal affairs)	1 600	3 600
Attorney general	3 000	4 000
Dupuy att'y general	800	1 800
Adjutant general	600	2 500
Superintendent of common schools	1 500	2 500
State librarian	800	1 800
State librarian assistant	100	900
State treasurer	1 700	5 000
Clerk and messenger hire in state and executive departments	5 400	20 000
Contingent expenses for same	2 975	5 000
Private sec'y to gov'nr	600	3 000
Clerk and messenger hire auditor general's office	8 000	14 400
Contingent expenses for same	1 000	3 000
Clerk and messenger hire surveyor general's office, now sec'y internal affairs	8 700	23 400
Contingent expenses for same	830	2 500
Clerk hire attorney general's office	.....	1 400
Clerk hire adjutant general's office	.....	11 400
Clerk and messenger hire school depart'm't	3 900	8 700
Contingent expenses for same	2 260	5 500
Clerk and messenger hire state treasurer's office	6 450	8 450
Miscellaneous expenses state library	2 010	4 200
Pay of legislature, clerks mileage, stationery, etc	150 000	541 700
Distributing laws and journals	700	615
Public printing and binding	30 000	80 000
Harrisburg for water	600	600
Gas for public buildings (for 1877)	2 000	7 525
Salaries of supreme court judges	$18 700	
Salaries of Phil'a judges	16 800	
Salaries of Allegheny judges	10 200	
Law judges of other counties	55 000	
Associate judges	25 000	
	125 700	480 000
Salary superintendent public printing	800	1 600
Contingent expenses for same	.....	600
Legislative Record ($7 per page for 1858 and $10 40 for 1878)	3 976	38 584
Legislative Rec'd wrapper (at $9 per each member)	.....	2 259
Improvement public grounds, expenses, etc	1 831	12 000
Harrisburg fire companies ($100 each)	600	800
Supt. public buildings and grounds	912	1400
Five watchmen public grounds	.....	4 500
Indexing journals, senate and house	250	600
Commissioner bureau of statistics	.....	2 500
Lieutenant governor	.....	3 500
Janitor for same	.....	250
Contingent expenses board of pardons (formerly paid by sec'y of commonwealth)	.....	500
Total	379 094	1 332 883

In the State.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR YEARS.

Republican.

1874	$189,025,793.
1875	184,304,787.
1876	177,370,687.

Democratic.

1877	$154,390,943.
1878	153,608,681.
1879	158,773,498.

Total for Three Years.

Republican	$550,701,067.
Democratic	466,773,117.
Total Dem. reduction	$83,927,950.
Av. annual reduction	$27,975,973.

THREE YEARS OF GOVERNOR PACKER.

1858	$399,888 36
1859	408,097 40
1860	401,863 41
Total for three years	$1,209,849 17

THREE YEARS OF GOVERNOR HARTRANFT.

1875	$1,192,073 88
1876	1,270,657 47
1877	1,213,276 31
Total for three years	$3,676,008 36

An increase of $2,446,158.19 over that of the last three years of democratic rule. The difference is so enormous that theft and profligacy are at once suggested. Where does all the money go to? The pertinent inquiry will hereafter be answered.

Do you want the Cameron family arrangement about the U. S. Senatorship vetoed, then vote for Kephart and Murray for Assembly.

DEMOCRATS LOOK AT THESE TWO PICTURES!

AND DECIDE BETWEEN THEM!!

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 18, 1878.]

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF THE COUNTY.

It is well known to every reader of the WATCHMAN that since it became the property of its present proprietor in 1862, it has been strictly a Democratic paper. It has supported no man for political position whom it did not know to be a Democrat from principle. It has favored the success of no measure that it did not believe to be purely and consistently Democratic, and it will pursue the same course as long as it is under the control of its present owner.

When the Democratic conferees of the congressional district of which this county then formed a part, nominated Judge Hale in 1862, we neither hoisted his name nor supported him, because we did not know him to be a Democrat. When the "National" Democratic Convention at Baltimore endorsed Horace Greeley as its candidate for President in 1872, we neither put up his name nor supported him, because we knew he was *not* a Democrat. Whether we were right, is for those to say who remember the result of those two nominations—the former successful, and then voting against every measure and principle of the Democracy; the latter defeated, and in his defeat dragging the party down to a disgraceful demoralization from which it has not yet fully recovered.

The same reasons that controled our action in 1862, and in 1872, govern our course in the present congressional contest in this district. We have not hoisted the name of Gov. Curtin, or supported him for the simple reason that *we do not know or understand him to be a Democrat.*

In order that Democrats, who feel as do the editors of the WATCHMAN on this subject, could consistently and conscientiously support the nominee, we asked of gentlemen who attended and took part in the work of the district conference that nominated Gov. Curtin, and we have asked of his friends since, that they get his pledge, that, if elected, he will go into the Democratic congressional caucus, take part in its deliberations and submit to and be guided by its decisions, and that he will vote as the Democratic people believe the Pittsburg platform to mean—against land grants, subsidies or government aid of any kind to steamship, railroad or other corporations.

As yet they have not complied with our request, and we make this statement in order that the public, and the readers of the WATCHMAN in particular, may understand why the name of Gov. Curtin, as the nominee for Congress, does not appear with the balance of the ticket at the head of the WATCHMAN.

Whenever the pledges above asked are furnished us in writing, we will be willing for the time to forget the past, with all its bitter recollections, and do our best to secure for him as full a Democratic vote as any other candidate upon the ticket will receive.

[From Dem. Watchman, Mar. 10, 1876.]

DON'T LIKE HIM.

The *Watsontown Record*, a very lively little paper, published down in Northumberland county, that donned its Democracy within the past twelve-month, has worked itself into considerable of a fever, because the WATCHMAN sees proper to urge Gov. Curtin as the Democratic candidate for Vice President. We are sorry our friend down there, don't see on this subject as we do or that he talks so very much about matters of which he knows so very little. For his own peculiar benefit we will state that the WATCHMAN is just as radically Democratic to-day as it was during the darkest days of bastiles, spies, provost-marshals and mobs. It refused to support Greeley for the simple reason that he was not a Democrat, and was not worthy Democratic support. It favors Curtin because its editor *knows* that on every issue that can enter into the coming campaign, and every important question the next administration will be expected to act upon, he is just as *good a Democrat* as there is in any Commonwealth of the country. Since 1872 Gov. Curtin has been heart and soul with the Democracy. His votes have been given to its candidates; his means to its success, and his time and talents to the defence of its principles, upon the stump. He has been as out-spoken and as earnest in his opposition to the policy, corruption and wrongs of the party in power as any man could be. He has in nowise sought to disguise his political belief, or in no time or place hesitated to express his opinions either publicly or privately. To-day on any question that can come before the St. Louis Convention, or on any issue that the next administration could be called on to decide, Gov. Curtin is just as "straight a Democrat" as there is one in the land, and it is because of this, and of his personal worth, integrity, popularity and fitness, that the WATCHMAN urges his nomination.

We don't know whether the *Record* editor intends digging up the rotten bones of all the dead and buried issues of the past hundred years, and having our candidates swear, "they are the Gods we follow," or not. If he does he will find himself about the only one of the party following that business.

Meek wrote the resolution nominating Curtin for Vice President in 1876. Now he says Curtin is not a democrat?

If Gov. Curtin was a good democrat enough for Vice President in 1876, is he not good enough to go to Congress in 1878?

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The democrats of Centre county, by the course taken by the editor of the *Watchman*, are called upon to perform an important duty from which they should not shrink or falter. The question to be decided is whether the party or Mr. Meek is to be supreme—whether he, in right of his editorship of the would-be party organ in the county, shall have the exclusive right to dictate whom the party shall nominate and support, and whom it shall not. If he is to have the right to demand written pledges from Gov. Curtin, why not also from every candidate on the ticket from Governor to Auditor? No such ground was ever taken by him heretofore, and we can see no reason for it now. Either the *Watchman* is a democratic paper, or it is not. If it is, then its bounden duty as such is to support those men whom the party, in its wisdom, places in nomination for the respective offices, regardless of the personal feelings or grievances of the editor; but if it is not a democratic paper, then the path of duty is straight and democrats should not only refuse to follow its advice, but should look upon it with the greatest suspicion, for the deadliest foe is always the one who professes friendship for the purpose of placing himself in a position to strike the more fatally.

No one, not even Mr. Meek, contends that Gov. Curtin was unfairly nominated or that he is not the regular and duly appointed candidate of the party. In this county, after an animated contest the conferees were not only instructed for him, but he received a large majority of the popular vote cast at the delegate elections, and in the district conference he not only received a majority of all the conferees but at least three-fourths of them were personally in favor of his nomination and believed that in so doing they were fulfilling the demands of the party in the district. Such being the case, what should be the duty of a party editor, but to lay aside his personal preferences for the good of the party—that at least would be the action of a patriotic democrat, one who had the welfare of the party at heart.

Now what are the reasons assigned for the *Watchman's* refusal to support Curtin? Let us examine them as they are set forth in the last issue of that paper. The first is "for the simple reason that *we* (the editor of the *Watchman*) *do not know or understand him to be a democrat.*" This certainly is a startling assertion to be made by one who has been most persistent in urging and maintaining and asserting Gov. Curtin's democracy ever since 1872, by one who supported him as a delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention on the democratic ticket, and who did all in his power to secure his nomination for Vice President at St. Louis in 1876. For six years Gov. Curtin has been identified with the democratic party *and no other*. During all that time Mr. Meek has found no occasion to question his democracy until now—on the contrary he has always defended it. But let us see what the *Watchman* itself has said on this subject. In its issue of March 10, 1876, in reply to an article in the *Watsontown Record*, it said: "It (the *Watchman*) refused to support Greeley for the simple reason that he was not a democrat, and was not worthy democratic support. *It favors Curtin because its editor* KNOWS that on every issue that can enter into the coming campaign, and every important question the next administration will be expected to act upon, *he is just as* GOOD A DEMOCRAT AS THERE IS IN ANY COMMONWEALTH OF THE COUNTRY." These are the *Watchman's* own words. Now the democrats of Centre would like to know what act Gov. Curtin has committed since 1876 that should lead any one to believe that he is not "just as good a democrat" now, as he was then. We certainly know of none; perhaps the *Watchman* does. But unless it can, we hold that if Gov. Curtin was worthy of democratic support in 1876 he is in 1878.

Again Mr. Meek refuses to support Curtin because no written pledges have been given to the *Watchman* that if elected, "he will go into the democratic congressional caucus, take part in its deliberations and submit to and be guided by its decisions," and that he will vote "against land grants, subsidies or government aid of any kind to steamship, railroad or other corporations." This, certainly is unusual ground for a party organ—even for the *Watchman* to take. We will venture to assert, without an examination, that no such ground was ever taken by Mr. Meek heretofore, that no such pledges were required of Mr. Mackey when he was a candidate, and that none such were demanded by or given to him by either the candidates for Legislature or for State Senator. Why then should such a demand be made from Mr. Curtin? Is he such a doubtful character that his word cannot be believed, and that an extraordinary and unheard of rule should be applied to him and to no one else on the ticket? Shall he be compelled to give written pledges to any and every editor in the district? The very statement of such a proposition shows its absurdity and unreasonableness. But Gov. Curtin has spoken in no uncertain sound on both these points. Both before and since his nomination he has stated time and again that he is in hearty accord with the principles enunciated in the democratic platform, and he is doing all in his power to promote the success of our ticket. This is the only test ever required of Mr. Meek or any other democrat ever nominated. It is the only one the people demand, and if sufficient for them it should be for Mr. Meek. When elected, Gov. Curtin will undoubtedly enter the democratic caucus and act with the party as he has done on every occasion for more than six years past, and who that knows him is not convinced that he will not speak and vote and use his influence against every measure that will in any way tend to oppress the laborers and tax-payers of the land. The democratic platform speaks in no uncertain voice on this point, and Gov. Curtin's past record speaks even in louder tones than the platform.

So much for the reasons given for refusing to support Gov. Curtin. They are groundless and a mere pretext, to cover the real reason, personal chagrin and private disappointment at being unable to secure that which would have gladdened the heart of every loyal scion of the House of Cameron in the State—the defeat of Gov. Curtin's nomination. But on the other hand by refusing to support Curtin he in a manner asks democrats to support Yocum, a man who never voted anything but a Republican ticket, who has never acted with our party, but always against us. Is this democratic—is he a democrat? We leave the question to Mr. Meek for decision.

The democratic papers of Clinton and Clearfield warmly endorse the nomination of C. T. Alexander for Senator. Both these counties will give him the full party vote. Caldwell, his competitor will have a poor show when the returns come in.

The republican majority in Ohio, where it used to be so great, has come down to the edge of nothing, letting alone that the rads lost several congressmen.

The returns from all the counties except Washington and reliable unofficial figures from that county makes Barnes' (republican) plurality for secretary of state, 3,154.

Jeff Davis, jr., only son of Jeff Davis, aged 21, died of yellow fever, a few days ago, at Memphis.

That "ornery cuss," Delaney, the Molly Maguire agent of Hartranft, Cameron & Co, the same fellow who bought Jack Kehoe and his Mollies in 1875 for Hartranft, and invented the Know-Nothing slander against Dill, has been playing his pranks in this Congressional district. He has been trying to manipulate the catholic vote of Elk and Clearfield counties against Gov. Curtin for Congress. While there he claimed to be a democrat; and gave his name as Bill Comerford, and his residence as Howard.

CURTIN AT FRANKLIN.

We make the following extracts from a speech delivered by Gov. Curtin, at the great democratic meeting, at Franklin, Pa., last week:

Beginning of Our Misfortunes.

In 1869, Congress passed an act which Grant signed which was the beginning of our trouble. Passed under the influence of Wall street in New York and Third street in Philadelphia, and Grant the soldier—whom everybody respected, signed the bill violating the contract by which the bonds were to be paid in currency and then demonetized silver.

In 1873 when Jay Cook failed and every thing looked blue, they passed another act in favor of the money power. Unfortunately the Drexels and the Sieglemans have had too much to say in the Government.

Congress in following February passed the specie payment bill compelling the immediate resumption, which they could no more do at once than they could command the waters in the rivers to return to the mountains.

This contraction is felt in every nerve and fiber of the country, and from the Government in Washington not one word of consolation or comfort comes. At last the people in their calamity have gone off from the great parties for relief. I find Hoyt declares for hard money. I find in the platform at Pittsburgh (Democratic) that gold, silver and national currency, shall be the currency of the country. I find that Andrew H. Dill, the Democratic candidate, has given that part of the platform a liberal construction, which will give a currency to relieve suffering labor.

Chase conceived the idea of issuing greenbacks to carry out the war.

It was not the bonds that fought the war, it was the legal tender. That was the circulating medium. The bondholders bought the bonds with that money and it is not the bondholders place to complain. I do not know whether Mr. Dill is in favor of what I am to say next or not, but I am. I am in favor of the Government issuing a bond of a small denomination at a low rate of interest, that the people may put their money into that, and not be robbed by these bank failures. Sixteen thousand depositors in one bank in Chicago, the other day, were swindled. I am for low bonds that citizens may know that it is safe. The Government is paternal; it should protect these poor men who never get inside of a bank parlor. The remedy is so safe and simple that I am amazed it is not adopted.

My Greenback friend, we agree, except you are scattering your fire, I am shooting right at the bell. I expect to bring my bird down. (Applause). Don't be afraid of being called a renegade; you are a renegade now. The Republicans stand on hard money; hard to get, God knows. (Applause). Dill is an excellent little man. Dill, I know him well. My friend Mason, I would like him to come in too. (Applause). I understand a man who is against his Government to be a traitor—but does party override your duty to your country?

Democrats Did Nobly in the War.

Patriotism is not confined to Mercer county, where you have your friends and your home; it is not in one party alone, and was not so during the war. I knew something about that, having had something to do with it. (Applause). I put the flag into the hands of 275,000 men. Fifty thousand, great, strong Pennsylvanians went down to death, and when our State was threatened 87,000 more responded. I handed that flag to one regiment of 860 from Northampton county, and every man in that regiment was a Democrat. (Applause.)

I know the war struck the great heart of the people in Pennsylvania. You will not find in any proclamation or message of mine any opprobrious epithet, no reference to Copperheads or anything like that. Every measure for sustaining that war passed the Legislature by a unanimous vote. (Great applause.) Political *parties*, my friends, are not given to fighting. (Laughter.) No States but Rhode Island and Kansas furnished so many men as we did. We gave one in seventeen, New York gave one in twenty-two, and we made no boast of it. But I thought the war was over. I have had enough of it. I was at Chambersburg and Fredericksburg, and have witnessed the devastation which it caused. The soldiers who fought against our army for three days, barefooted and without very much to eat, shook hands when they were conquered, because they were American citizens. And now some men tell us we must fight the war over again once a year. Sumner is in his grave and Greeley is gone. They were both for peace. And where is Trumbull, and Palmer, and Julien, and the living lights of this once great party? My friends, just where I am. (Applause.)

No one knew the distress of our people better than I did, blood upon every doorstep, and crape in every church. I saw to-day in the Soldiers' orphan school the children, and each orphan represented a good man dead. Now they

Want to Unfurl the Bloody Shirt.

I wonder what under the name of heavens they selected that garment for. I wonder whose shirt it was? (laughter) and a great army led by Blaine and Conkling and Grow, and all the other valient men want to fight more. (Laughter.) Let us see who will win. I know the class of men who wanted the war to go on; men who furnished hay and horses and mules, and d—n bad mules they were. (Laughter.) Seventy-five thousand of them went in at Harrisburg. A man inquired of Dr. Rutherford in Harrisburg where he could buy a good horse. The doctor told him he couldn't buy a bad one in all that neighborhood, for the bad ones were all in the army.

It was the ring men wanted the war to go on—awfulmen to fight a foe—like Mark Twain, got their relations into it. They made their money in tears and blood, and they now shout, beware!

Whom would you trust, the brave men who struggled with the men of the North, or these hypocrites? I am often reminded, when they are fighting this war over especially every four years, of the chancery case that his son settled. "I raised and educated my family on that case," said the father, "and I expected you to do the same thing. How could you?"

Extravagance of the State Government.

My friend Yerkes has told you of the expenses of the State Government. When I was Governor I had $4,000 and a fair house to live in. Now they have $10,000 and a fine house; no taxes and $600 for flowers at his entertainments, and he don't give liquor (Laughter), much to the disgust of the Legislature, as some of them here can testify. They used to keep the grounds in order for the hay that came off them; now $15,000 is appropriated. The money goes some where. Then they have the various Commissions. The Fish Commission is about the quorest. I don't know how it is here, but in my county we petitioned them to put black bass in; they put some kind of chubs in there (Laughter); we can't catch any of them.

Look at Washington; it used to cost $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 to run the Government; last year $140,000,000. Used to be 50,000 to 75,000 office-holders; now 145,000, with salaries largely increased. Then $1 75 per capita; now $3 34. How much will it increase in the future? Where will it end?

Hayes received $50,000. Geo. Washington did it for $25,000, and I must express to this intelligent audience that George Washington was quite equal to Rutherford B. Hayes. (Laughter.)

Hoyt and his crowd are all creatures of the Ring, and it comes to this that the leader of the Ring can resign his place in the United States Senate and name hisson and not a newspaper favoring it in the entire State.

It has pleased Providence to lay a heavy hand upon the towns and cities of the South. My friends, God was there; God is everywhere, and when He laid His hand there He inspired the hearts of the North, and brave men and delicate Christian women went down to aid those stricken people.

I have detained you long enough. I ought to be at home. I am running for Congress, and God knows maybe somebody is running against me. (Cheers.)

ON DAILY EXHIBITION

In the various Departments of their elegant new store,

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Have placed the rarest novelties in Silks, Dress Fabrics, etc., to be found by patient personal search in the Great Manufacturing Centres of Europe.

Every lady within reach of Philadelphia should not fail to visit this magnificent display, even if not wishing to buy at the time. No importunity to purchase on the part of salespeople is permitted.

Black and Colored Silks.

We invite attention to the largest and best assortment of

SILKS

Ever shown in Philadelphia, all of which are marked at prices that no American House can possibly undersell.

Good Quality Black Silks, at 75 and 80 cts.
An Extra Quality Antwerp Silk, at 90 cts. and we ask that it be compared with any One Dollar Silk selling elsewhere. We offer at

ONE DOLLAR PER YARD
SIX QUALITIES
From the Fine Glace to the Heavy Gros Grain

CACHEMIRE MOUSSELINE.

Never before sold in any market under $1 25. Also the best makes at $1 25, $1 50 $1 60, $1 75, $1 90, $2 00, $2 25 $2 50 and up to the finest grades.

We ask particular attention to an invoice of PONSON'S CACHEMIRE SILK, Secured far under value, and not owned by any other house in this country within 75cts. of our prices.

They are in Eight Qualities, $1 25, $1 45, $1 60, $1 75, $2 00, $2 50, $2 75

COLORED SILKS at 75 and 80 cents, In the new fall shades.

ALL-BOILED LYONS, COLORED SILKS, 19 inches wide, at 95 cents.

COLORED SILKS
Measuring 21 inches, at $1 00.
Measuring 22 inches, at $1 25.
Measuring 22 inches, at $1 50.
Measuring 23 inches, at $1 75.
Measuring 23 inches, at $2 00.
Measuring 23 inches, at $2 25.

All of which are believed to be unequaled anywhere at the price, width, quality and assortment of shades.

ALL SILK NOVELTIES

We have the SATIN PEKIN at $1 50 per yard. Black and Colored DAMASSE, at $1 50, $1 75, $2 00, $2 50, $3 00.

SATINS FOR TRIMMINGS.
SATINS FOR SUITS,
Including the old style TURK SATIN,
Long prized for wear.

Comparison has lately shown that our prices are lower than the same qualities of goods are being sold by wholesale dealers to the trade.

In Dress Goods.

We make special mention of the following Bargains of Recent Purchase.

48 Inch Wool Matelasse.....$1.
Extra heavy and about one-half the cost of production.

46 Inch French Cashmeres.....$1.
The actual market value is $1 25.

48 Inch All-Wool Camel's Hair Suitings.....75 cents.
Regular Retail price $1.

48 Inch Camel's Hair Suitings.....50 cents.
Recommended for quality and cheapness.

56 Inch Silk Mixed Tartans.....50 cents.
In Blue, Green and Cardinal.

Chantillion Silk Mixed Novelties, 31 cts. Present price elsewhere, 37½ cts.

Scotch Plaids, (Silk Mixed).....28 cts. Selling elsewhere for 35 cts.

Winter Serges.....25 cts.
Extra Weight and Cloth Shades.

British Cashmere Effects.....20 cts.
Really worth 37½ cts.

Royal Poplins.....15 cts.
Two-Thirds wool, and extra heavy.

Alpaca Lustres.....12½ cts.

One-half wool and in all desirable colors

The universal testimony which comes to us from all sources is, that our stock of Dress Goods is unequaled.

Only a personal visit can give a fair idea of the extent of the stock and our wonderful facilities for its distribution at the smallest possible advance over first cost of manufacture.

Those whose cannot visit us, however, are invited to test the merits of our Mail Order Department. Every letter that comes to us requesting SAMPLES, is given the most careful, prompt and intelligent attention. All Mail or Telegraphic Orders are filled in a department organized on a scale unsurpassed anywhere.

STR

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Octt. 24,'78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——If any farmer wants the highest price for his grain, let him haul it to L. L. Brown, successor to Shortlidge & Co.

——Democrats examine your tickets before voting—fraudulent tickets will be circulated to deceive unsuspecting democrats. Examine your tickets.

A vote against Curtin is a vote in favor of Cameron.

——The *Reporter*, last winter, announced the fact that Millheim intended making a borough of itself. We see now from the *Journal* that application will be made at November term for articles of incorporation. The population will be some 600 or 700 if Texas is included.

——Farmers you are certain of the highest market price for grain at Brown's, Bellefonte, and can get the cheapest and best coal there also.

——Sechlers, headquarters for groceries, are stocked all through with new and fresh goods. No one ever complains when they buy at Sechler's, they are fair and square in their dealings, and give you more goods for your money than you get elsewhere.

——A grand democratic Mass meeting at Spring Mills, Oct. 31, in the afternoon. Curtin, Alexander and other speakers will be present. A large delegation from Union county is expected. Let there be a big turn out.

——We direct the attention of Millheim and vicinity to the advertisement of Mrs. Weaver, who has opened a new millinery at Millheim. She has many years of experience in that business and will render satisfaction.

——Go to Geldman, at the Standard Clothing Hall, if you want to buy cheapest suits, or anything in the line of Clothing, at Bishop and Allegheny streets, Bellefonte.

Yocum, who is out for Congress, drills with the Cameron squad, and they will vote for him and against Curtin.

——Prof. G. W. Fortney on Tuesday removed to Selinsgrove. The Prof. had been teaching a select school, during the last two summers in this place, with great success, having had charge of the common schools of our town during the winter. On account of the low wages now paid in Potter, $25 per month, he found himself obliged to quit teaching, and intends finishing his theological studies in order to enter the ministry. He takes with him the best wishes of our people.

——The funny man, at the Fair last week, was the walking advertisement of Goldman, of the new Standard Clothing Hall, Bellefonte, where the best bargains are now offered in Clothing.

——Democrats of Centre, don't be gulled into trading, vote the whole ticket, every one of our nominees is a good man and fit for the place he is nominated for.

——Rain at last—after a dry spell of nearly three months. From Thursday last until next evening we had a moderate rain. After that fine clear weather. On Tuesday night, this week, rain set in and continued all next day accompanied by a fearful storm.

——There is no reason why any democrat, or any other man, should refuse to vote for J. C. Harper. He is a self made young man, who deserves credit for his sober and industrious habits, he does not come from the midst of wealth and had to fight his way alone to receive an education; he is qualified for the office of prothonotary, and is an example whom many young men can well pattern after. He deserves every vote. Don't scratch him, you would do wrong to a highly meritorious young man by it.

——Powers don't advertise prices—but he want's all Pennsvalley people who need boots and shoes, to come and see him, whether they buy or not, and see that his prices are the lowest in the county. Powers in Bush's Arcade—where there is no gouging, of which they will satisfy you if you call.

—— Ladies read Mrs. Henny's card, she has just received the latest styles from the city, at low prices.

——Democrats look out for fraudulent tickets!

——Visit J. H. Krumbine's new Glass and Stoneware store, in Gift & Flory's store room. 10 oct 4t

——Go to Isaac Haupt's Store, Bellefonte, for stoves, pipe and tinware at cost. 17oct. 5t.

——The Gregg township Dill Club, meets every Sat. evening from now until election, in Grenoble's Hall. Addresses by speakers from a distance. All are invited.

——Democrats of Pennsvalley, and of the entire county, should remember that upon the vote for governor this fall, the next apportionment of delegates is made for each township—one delegate for every fifty voters. Get out the vote then and gain all the delegates you can. If any district falls off in its democratic vote, it may lose one or two delegates thereby. This is important.

Get out the full democratic vote!

Vote for Dunkle and Swab if you want honest men for Commissioners. They are both farmers of spotless character.

——NOTICE TO FISHERMEN AND HUNTERS.—Notice is hereby given that all persons are cautioned against fishing or hunting on the lands of the undersigned in Gregg twp., in the 7 mountains, after Oct. 10, 1878, otherwise they will be dealt with according to law.
24 oct 3t CHARLES RIPKA & SON.

——J. NEWMAN, JR.—To his friends and patrons, Greeting: He comes to you this time, not for office, which is now the rage, but merely to tell you of his vast stock of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, and everything in that line, just purchased in Philadelphia and New York, and which he is selling at prices far beyond any thing that has ever been known. He can and will sell you good goods, for less money, than any other man in this County, and defies any one to beat his prices and quality. He is selling good over coats at $2.50, winter suits at $3.50, under wear at 20 cts., boots at $1.75, and everything in proportion low. You will save not less than 15 per cent by buying from him.

——Accommodation for horses at Brown's grain depot, Bellefonte, for all teams going there with grain. He pays the highest market price, and you will find him fair and square in all his dealings. Coal of all kinds always on hand, and for sale low.

Cameron has sent money into Centre county to defeat Curtin; democrats rebuke the Cameron gang by giving Curtin an increased vote.

Vote for Burchfield and Tobias, for Register and Recorder, they have been tried and not found wanting.

How do Democratic Greenbackers like the situation? Let them examine it carefully, and act according to their best judgment. A vote for the third party is half a vote for the Cameron Ring and John Sherman's financial crimes. A vote for the Democratic party is a clear, ringing expression against both. It is a vote that counts.

B. F. BROWN.

What could have induced an old democrat like Mr. Brown to do so foolish a thing as to run independent for Sheriff, after a pledge to abide by the decision of the democratic county convention, which treated him fairly, we can not comprehend. He has been lured by the song of a political Siren, which will leave him to muse over the smallest vote in November of any sheriff candidate in the county.

Mr. Brown will no more be sheriff than the oldest old granny in Harris township. To save his good name, let him reconsider the ill advised step he has taken and wheel in for John Spangler, the regular nominee, and who has given Mr. Brown no cause for running against the ticket. We repeat, dear Mr. B., you will find your vote the smallest in the county, because of the course you are pursuing.

The go-betweens about the Executive Chamber in Harrisburg are busily engaged in cooking up surprises for the Republican party. The late Chairman of the Democratic County Committee of Schuylkill county is to come out and denounce Dill and make speeches for Hoyt. Affidavits are prepared to accuse Dill of being a Know Nothing. This is to operate upon the Hibernians and all who Sympathize with the Mollie Maguires, and already agents are at work in that county endeavoring to trade off this vote to Hoyt, who promises to do everything in his power to prevent Jack Kehoe from being hanged, and Hartranft promises not to hang him if the vote of the Hibernians is given to the Republican ticket. This infamous proposition is now the subject of negotiation, and we have seen evidence enough to convince us that it will be consummated if the Hibernians are weak enough to listen to corrupt agents. We do not believe they can be fooled year after year by such cattle.

Democrats, don't trade, every man upon our ticket is worthy and competent. Vote the whole ticket—it is an eminently good one and was fairly nominated.

The only service the Greenbackers rendered in the recent election was to the Republicans. They could not elect themselves, and in many instances prevented the Democrats from winning. Are they going to stand in this position in this State and county? By coming to the Democracy the Republican ring will disappear.

Cameron's agents are trying to sow dissentions in our party. They are paid for doing this and all good democrats should be on their guard against them.

The republicans in renominating And. Gregg for Commissioner, have paid him a deserved compliment. As we must have a republican in the board, that party did a good thing in nominating our townsman Col. Gregg.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.—

God Save the Commonwealth.

I, L. W. Munson, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on

Tuesday, November 5th, 1878,

it being the Tuesday following the first Monday of of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock, a. and closed at seven o'clock, p. m.) at which time the Freemen of Centre county will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of Supreme Court of Pennsylvania

One person to represent the counties of Union, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk, Mifflin and Centre in the Congress of the United States.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

One person as President Judge for the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

Two persons to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the office of Commissioner for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Register and Clerk of the Orphan's Court of the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Recorder for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the office of Auditor for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Coroner for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and townships within the county of Centre, are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Halnes, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg.)

For the township of Half Moon, at the School house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, (northern precinct) at the public house of John Spangler in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, (southern precinct) at the public house of Mart. Leitzell, at Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson, (old precinct) in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, (new precinct (in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For township of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Show Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kline, in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the township of Huston, at the house of John Reed.

For the township of Penn, at the public house of Wm. S. Musser.

For the township of Liberty, in the school house at Eagleville.

For the borough and township of Howard, at the school house in said borough.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside at the house of J. K. Bonk.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at new school house in Unionville.

For the borough of Philipsburg in the new school house in said borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person, excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office, appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector, or clerk, of any election of this commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 2nd day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and in the seventy-eight, and in the one hundred and second year of the Independence of the United States.

L. W. MUNSON,
Sheriff of Centre county.

Read! Read!

Hon. C. R. Buckalew and Judge Black on Curtin.

The following correspondence explains itself.

BELLEFONTE, Oct. 8th 1878.

HON. C. R. BUCKALEW—*Dear Sir*:—As there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the policy of Democrats supporting Ex-Gov. A. G. Curtin for congress in the 20th district, and as all know your high standing in the Democratic party, and your fidelity to its principles I desire your opinion on the following points!

1. Was Gov. Curtin responsible for, or a party to the arrest and imprisonment of the citizens of your county known as the "Fishing Creek Prisoners" or did he aid in obtaining their release!

2. Was he a party to the attempted fraud upon our party in the election of a U. S. Senator during the sessions of 1863, and if not did he in any manner contribute to the prevention of such contemplated fraud?

3. Would, in your judgment, his election to Congress from this district promote the welfare of the country, and of the democratic party?

By answering the above you will greatly oblige, Yours Very Respectfully,

J. P. GEPHART
Chair. Dem. Co. Com.

BUCKALEW'S REPLY.

BLOOMSBURG, Oct. 14th 1878.

Dear Sir:—Upon returning home after an absence of several days continuance I find your letter of the 8th.

The questions put by you are easily answered.

1. In my opinion Gov. Curtin was not responsible, or a party to, the arrests of citizens of this county in August 1864.

That proceeding was by the authorities of the United States and not of the State. And he did render aid in obtaining the release of those prisoners or part of them by interfering his good offices with Gen. Couch the military commandant of the district.

I remember very well that he recommended me to visit Gen. Couch at Chambersburg on their behalf, and furnished me a letter addressed to the General, very clear and emphatic in its terms, which I used.

2. In my opinion Gov. Curtin had nothing to do with the corrupt and fagitious attempt to defeat the will of the people at the Senatorial election of 1863.

On the contrary I have always understood and now believe that he refused to bring troops to Harrisburg to aid in the consumation of the intended fraud.

3. As to your third question, respecting the policy or wisdom of the election of Gov. Curtin to Congress by the people of your district, it might be sufficient to reply that I consider it to be both politic and wise for the electors of our state to support men for congress who have been regularly and fairly nominated by the democratic party.

If there are any circumstances which remove Gov. Curtin's case from the protection of this general proposition, I have not been informed of them.

But I go further and will say that the presence in congress of men of experience and ability is a necessity of the times, and is to be promoted by all honorable and proper means.

I am, sir, Very Truly Yours,
C. R. BUCKALEW.

J. P. GEPHART, Esq., Chair.
Bellefonte Pa.

A letter containing the same interrogatories was addressed to Hon. J. S. Black. The following is

JUDGE BLACK'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1878.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 8th came to my home when I was absent. I take the earliest unengaged moments to answer its interrogatories; and I do this in the order you propound them.

1. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Gov. Curtin had no lot or part in the illegal and arbitrary arrest of Democrats for the expression of their opinions or the assertion of their rights as free citizens during the war. He threw the whole moral and physical power of the State into the cause of the Union, but he never engaged in, or encouraged the outrages upon personal liberty which were so common in those evil days. I watched him narrowly and I recall one of his stirring addresses in which he explicitly confined his support of the Federal administration within the limits of the Constitution and laws. I set these things down in the book of my remembrance at the time they occurred, and think of them now with pleasure and gratitude, for I believe Curtin's conduct saved us much trouble and prevented much wrong.

2. I have no special knowledge concerning the fraud, corruption and bribery by which certain of our political enemies tried to defeat the election of a Democratic U. S. Senator in 1863. But sure I am that Gov. Curtin was no party to that iniquity. On the contrary it is a notorious fact that he exploded it by refusing to protect the malefactors with the troops of the state.

3. My judgment on the question whether he ought to be elected to the next congress may be inferred from what I have said already. No opinion of mine ought to influence the voters of his district; but I cannot imagine a sensible democrat hesitating on such a subject. His election, it seems to me would be a great good to the party and the country. His commanding talents are needed in Congress, and his devotion to honest government would favor his constituents as well as himself.

I am with great respect, Yours &c.,
J. S. BLACK.

To J. P. GEPHART, Ch Dem. Com.

Meek Wild for Curtin from '72--'76.

[From Dem. Watchman, June 13, '73.]

Ex. Gov. Curtin on Public Charities and Legislative Restriction.

The following pertinent remarks of our distinguished townsman, Ex-Gov. Curtin, on the restriction of the powers of the Legislature, by constitutional enactment will be approved and appreciated by every one who can understand the difference between a republican and a monarchical form of government:

(Here the *Watchman* gives Curtin's speech.)

[From Dem. Watchman, July 25, 1873.]

Our distinguished townsman, Hon. A. G. Curtin, left for Saratoga on Monday evening.

[From Dem. Watchman, Nov 14, 1873.]

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin is again at home and paid us the compliment of a call on Monday. The Governor looks well and is confident that the result of the labors of the constitutional convention will be beneficial to the health of the body politic. So mote it be.

[From Dem. Watchman, Jan. 16, 1874.]

All About a Picture and What a Nasty Thing is Jealousy.

The Honorable Simon Cameron is intensely jealous because the Czar of Russia presented Ex-Governor Curtin with a full length portrait of his imperial self. The Czar didn't do anything of the kind to Cameron when *he* was in Russia and the old fellow is so mad that Curtin was thought more of than he was, that his corporeal frame is hardly big enough to contain his passion. The other day Cameron made a speech in his place in the Senate in which he alluded to this picture in terms so undignified and venomous, that we blushed to think that he was one of Pennsylvania's Senators. We wish we had the speech by us as we write. He referred to the Gx-Governor as going around the country "bragging about it," when the fact is no man could have acted more modestly in relation to it. * * * * *

But Gov. Curtin can stand all such attacks. They roll off him like water off a duck's back, and he can afford to smile at old Cameron's silliness. The Czar's picture will hang in Mr. Curtin's house long after his vindictive old opponent has become food for worms, and all the people will know that it was presented to him as a mark of the Czar's liking and respect.

[From Dem. Watchman, Feb. 6, 1874.]

Gov. Curtin Goes to Florida.

Hon. A. G. Curtin called to bid us goodby on Wednesday prior to his departure for Florida, whither he goes to remain until April next, accompanied by his estimable wife. The Governor thinks the climate of that section will benefit his health, while he will at the same time have an opportunity to make some observations on the effects of the long rule of carpetbagism in the Southern States. We trust our distinguished townsfolk may have a pleasant journey and a safe return. Anxious hearts will follow them with good wishes, and earnest prayers will be offered up for their welfare and comfort while absent. May the soft breezes and sunny clime of that flowery land, impart renewed strength and vigor to the weakened frame of Bellefonte's distinguished statesman and Pennsylvania's noble son.

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 1, 1875.]

How do our Republican friends like the idea of Governor Curtin going to Ohio to stump the State for William Allen? But the Governor rose right up and has been and gone and done it. Now, are they convinced, or do they still believe that Curtin is foremost the Democracy?

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 8, 1875.]

Gov. Curtin was announced at Alliance, Ohio, on the 6th instant, (Wednesday) in favor of Gov. Allen and greenbacks. Good for Curtin.

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct 15, 1875.]

"Glorious Andy Curtin."

In view of the fact that 'the great war Governor' has been making speeches for the Ohio Democracy, the Erie *Observer* feels tempted to remark as follows: "The popular war Governor of Pennsylvania—the man whose eloquence did more to rouse the patriotism of our people than any other ten persons in the State—has taken the stump in Ohio for Allen and the cause of the people. He opened the campaign in Painesville on Monday and the same evening addressed a monster meeting in Cleveland. Wherever he has gone the people have poured out by the thousand to hear him, and hundreds of his old political admirers have gone away wild with fervor for the Democratic ticket. Hurrah for "glorious Andy Curtin." His presence in years past was always the signal of victory, and as it was then it will be again.

[From Dem. Watchman, Oct. 15, 1875.]

"THE GREAT WAR GOVERNOR."—Under this heading the Pittsburgh *Post* remarks: Ex-Governor Curtin is down to his work in Ohio and addressed immense meetings at Painesville, Cleveland and Warren. In his Painesville speech he made the following hit which can be interpreted in this State:

I can tell the governor of Indiana that the governor of Pennsylvania had something to do with that war upon which he loves to dwell so constantly. [Applause.] And after we had fought through the long and bloody years and conquered the armies of the South that were arrayed against us, and they had laid down their arms before our victorious soldiers, we should have something to do with the southern soldier besides to rob and despoil him. [Applause.] It was to make a citizen of him that we conquered him, not to pillage him and prosecute him. [Cheers.] I know there are plenty of men who stayed at home all the time during the war that would be glad to have it go on still. There are contractors and quartermasters who never saw a battle that would be willing to keep it up still, in the hope of profiting by the sufferings and disasters of their fellow men. It is no use to shake the bloody shirt here any longer. It may do to carry an election, but it won't do to give employment to laboring men without work. Such politicians may go sputtering and stammering around, reviving the old scenes of the war, but it won't satisfy the men who need the necessities of life, because they can't find labor to enable them to earn a living.

April 9, 1875, the Democratic *Watchman* mentions Curtin as one of the democratic candidates for Governor.

[From Dem. Watchman, Dec. 10, 1875.]

A PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

The *Holmes County Farmer*, an able and influential Democratic paper, is in favor of Senator Thurman and Ex-Gov. Curtin for President and Vice President, as follows: "New York has had the last three Democratic candidates for the Presidency—McClellan, Seymour and Greeley—all of whom were disastrously defeated. There is a popular feeling abroad that New York should for a season be relieved from the responsibility of furnishing Democratic Presidential candidates.

Senator Thurman is one of the ablest men in all the country, and he is equally distinguished for his incorruptibility. Possessed with talent and a disposition to smoke out corruption and give us an honest administration of the Government he is just the kind of a man the people want for President. He is environed with no rings; he washed his hands of the salary-grab; his public record is without a stain, nor is there the least savor of demagoguery about it. If we were entrusted with the duty of fixing a ticket that would make success certain, we would shape it after this fashion:

FOR PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
ANDREW G. CURTIN, of Penn'a.

Jan. 7th and 14th, 1876, the *Watchman* again favors Curtin for Vice President. Same March 31, '76. Same April 28. *Watchman* says "Curtin would suit our people exactly for Vice President. Same May 26, '76.

[From Dem. Watchman, Feb. 25, 1876.]

Gov. Curtin Endorsed by the Centre County Democracy and Recommended for the Vice Presidency.

The Democratic county convention, which met here last week, instructed our delegates to the State convention at Lancaster to support for delegates to the national convention at St. Louis men who would *urge* the nomination of Hon. Andrew G. Curtin for Vice President on the Democratic ticket. Thus our county of Centre, the home of Governor Curtin, stands pledged to him and endorses him as a man in whom she has full faith and confidence.

We believe this action of our convention was both manly and wise, and a merited and graceful compliment to Mr. Curtin. There is not the least doubt but that his nomination by the St. Louis convention would be hailed with delight by the party all over the country, and it is as certain as anything can be that the sentiment of the party universally is pointing to him as the proper man upon whom to confer the honor of the second place upon the ticket. Gov. Curtin is heartily with the Democracy upon all the great measures of reform that will be incorporated into the St. Louis platform and come up as issues in the presidential campaign, and his great popularity and the confidence that the people have in him as an honorable, high-minded statesman and pure patriot, seem to call for his nomination as the fittest and most desirable one that could be made for the Vice Presidency. With him in that position and with Gov. Hendricks or any other good Western man, or with Mr. Bayard at the head of the ticket, the Democracy will sweep Pennsylvania like a hailstorm.

Gov. Curtin is completely and thoroughly disgusted with the party to which he formerly belonged. Its corruption, its extravagance, it utter disregard of moral as well as constitutional law, its eagerness to shield criminals and its unblushing appropriation of the plunder taken from an outraged, overtaxed and oppressed people, the brazenness of its highest leaders and the guilt and shame that have come upon them—all these things and their thousand other acts of atrocious hostility, have entirely alienated the Govornor's affections from his former associates and taught him to look upon them with scorn and contempt. He is now and has been for a long time in hearty accord with the Democracy—a Democrat in word and deed, anxious for the success of our party and working for the triumph of its principles. We therefore endorse the action of our County convention in recommending him for Vice President on our ticket, and believe that their action will be endorsed at St. Louis, also, and that Gov. Curtin will be the nominee of the Democracy for the sacred office in the gift of the people. So may it be.

Oct. 27, '76, the *Watchman* gives a glowing account of Curtin's great speech at the democratic meeting in the court-house, which was packed with democrats full of enthusiasm to hear Andy.

THE "WATCHMAN" NOT AN ORGAN.

Last week we stated that the "Watchman" claimed to be the organ of the democratic party of the county. Since then we are informed that the editor of that paper denies this, and alleges that he owes no obligation to the party: That the "Watchman" is not a party organ, and therefore is not bound to support the nominees of the party—that it supports such measures and men only as its editor sees fit to endorse. Of course Mr. Meek can do as he pleases in this respect. But in the past he has claimed and received the advantages of an organ. For sixteen years he has had the official patronage of the party. The county printing and advertising, the sheriff printing and advertising, and the printing and advertising of the Prothonotary, Register and Treasurer, together with the printing for the County Committee each campaign have given the editor of the "Watchman" a clear profit of over fifteen hundred dollars a year for sixteen years; or over twenty-four thousand dollars! and now his paper is not an organ of the party and is not bound to put up and support its candidates!! Let democratic officials, hereafter bestow their patronage upon the party organs.

——Have you a cough, then use Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot, it cures all affections of the throat and lungs, such as colds, coughs, hoarseness, asthma, croup, and the earlier stages of consumption. Ask for it at your stores, or send to F. P. Green, druggist, Bellefonte, where all fresh drugs and medicines are kept.

Gov. Hendricks wants Curtin elected and will speak at Philipsburg on Saturday.

——Buy Flour of C. Dinges.

THE LEADING PLACE . . . GUGGENHEIMER & COMPANY!!

The Fall Season for the year 1878 is now opening and a New and EXCELLENT STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODs IS COMING IN

AT GUGGENHEIMER & CO.'S, CENTRE HALL, and which will be sold at LOWEST FIGURES. They have an immense stock and well assorted in every line. THEY HAVE

Dress Goods, Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Notions, Groceries, &c., at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO "PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANTS," INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY FROM HOME. GIVE US A CALL IMMEDIATELY.
GUGGENHEIMER & CO.
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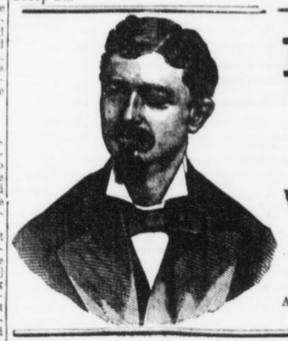

NEWMAN, King Clothier of Centre county.

IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING

Winter Suits $3.50. Over Coats $2.50. Underwear 20c. Boots $1.75.

AND EVERY THING ELSE LOW IN PROPORTION.

I Challenge the County to Beat my PRICES and QUALITY,

AND SHOW AS LARGE A STOCK OF CLOTHING AS I HAVE. CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST CLASS TAILORS AT VERY LOW PRICES
3 Oct 3m.

KALDWELL, KWIGLEY & KO.

BELLEFONTE, Oct. 8, 1878.

EDITORS SUN:—This has been a day of great political interest in this place, on account of the meeting of the Republican Judicial, Senatorial and Congressional Conferees of the 25th Judicial, 34th Senatorial and 20th Congressional districts. Several delegations of conferees arrived on the evening previous, and it was apparent on Tuesday morning that the great Republican party had either made a corrupt bargain or unconditionally surrendered in the whole three districts.

In the matter of the judgship this was all right, because in his ten years occupancy of the Bench, Judge Mayer has proved himself an able and impartial judge. Although the conferees did not directly nominate him, their resolution that it was inexpedient to make a nomination is believed to be tantamount to an endorsement, and the Bellefonte *Republican*, the Republican party organ, will appear to-morrow with Judge Mayer's name at its mast head. This is a triumph for the principle of a non-partizan judiciary which it is hoped may obtain speedily and fully throughout the State.

In the matter of the Senatorship the Republicans showed the white feather on every principle they now or ever professed. S. Woods Caldwell, of Lock Haven, a tavern-keeper, one of the wildest inflationist of the Greenback party, an intriguant and "Skipper Jack" Quigley, (who bolted from the Democratic party after having been fairly beaten in its convention) had been nominated by the Nationals for State Senator, and his nomination was practically affirmed by their failure to nominate—in fact it was generally admitted by the conferees that they intended to support him. Thus this great party of *high moral ideas, and of hard money*, practically approve a man of no known ability for the position, and whose business, (whiskey selling) is not usually considered a passport to positions of trust or honor, and whose radical inflation doctrines are in direct opposition to the practice of the Republicans; and in all the talk or discussions on the subject that could be drawn out, no other reason was given than "anything to beat the Democrats."

In the Congressional matter too, this once valiant party "folded their tents and silently *stole* away." The Greenback nominee, Mr. Yocum, is thus practically adopted. In this case, however, it is not so bad, as Mr. Yocum is a lawyer of ability and culture, and a good citizen. Should he be elected the district would be creditably represented. He is a recent convert to the Nationals from the Republican ranks, and outside observers say that it is a square set up of the Cameron ring throughout the whole district. The constant stream of Republican conferees who were pouring in on him during the day showed that it was not spontaneous enthusiasm that rallied the Republicans around this recent settler in the district and this recent convert from Republicanism to the National ranks. "Anything to beat Curtin," and "the Greenbackism will pass away after this election, and then we'll have a Republican Congressman" was the reply of the conferees when asked on what principle they grounded their action. And thus this once great party goes into the contest in those districts headless, armless, legless; unless, as is believed by some, that a corrupt combination was entered into between the Nationals and Republicans, by which the former were sold out by Caldwell to the Republicans for the hope of a seat in the Senate, and money to run the campaign.

I have a word of advice to any Altoonians going to Bellefonte. It is this—stop at the Bush House. It is one of the largest and best kept hotels in Central Pennsylvania, and its proprietor, Mr. Hoppes, personally sees that every want of his guests is supplied.—*Altoona Sun*, 12. P.

Democrats, look out for fraudulent and mixed tickets. Remember there is an underhanded game at work in this county to cheat you.

NEW MILLINERY STORE AT MILLHEIM.

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER

Takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Millheim and vicinity, that she has opened a New and Elegant

STOCK OF MILLINERY GOODS,

on Saturday, October 19th, 1878. A full line of choice and fashionable goods always on hand at popular prices.

Dressmaking, and all kinds of FAMILY SEWING with the new 6-tis Plaiter and Trimmer for making all kinds of side-knife, box and fan Plaits; Fluting, Quilting, and Zephyring, will be a prominent feature of business. 24 oct 2m.

THE PLACE—S. & A. LOEB.

For 25 years we have been the leaders

IN LOW PRICES,

and for the same length of time have demonstrated the fact beyond dispute, and are selling all classes of goods cheaper than ever.

NOTE OUR PRICES:

SALT, $1.00 PER SACK OF 200 LBS.
SALT, $1.50 PER BARREL OF 280 LBS.
UNBLEACHED MUSLINS AT 5 CENTS PER YD.
DRESS GOODS AT 8 CENTS PER YD.
ALPACAS AT 15 CENTS PER YARD.
LADIES MOROCCO BOOTS AT $1.25.
MEN'S BOOTS FOR TWO DOLLARS.
LADIES BLACK COATS as LOW as $2.50.
With an assortment never equalled in this county.
BLACK all WOOL CASHMERES at 50c.

We carry the largest and cheapest stock of Clothing in Centre county—see our goods before purchasing.

VALENTINES & CO.

THE LARGEST DEALERS IN

-DRY GOODS,-
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,

&c., &c., IN CENTRE COUNTY.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successor to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Putty, &c., &c.

☞ Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county. ☜

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS

CURTIN

Will speak in the evening at the following places:

SNOWSHOE, October 28.
HUBLERSBURG, Oct. 29.
REBERSBURG, Oct. 30.
SPRING MILLS, (day massmeeting) Oct. 31.
P. G. MILLS, Nov. 2.

Turn out and hear CURTIN!

——Wilson, McFarlane & Co., of Bellefonte, have just received in stock the largest assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges, ever bronght to Centre county Their line of hardware, oils and paints is unsurpassed for quality and cheapness. Especial attention is called to the fact that their goods have been bought since the panic and are not what are denominated "old shop-keepers." Their stock of the celebrated Granite Iron Ware, which is so rapidly taking the place of the common tin and iron ware, is complete and it would be well for house-keepers to call and examine it. They are also the agents for the Wonderful, Noiseless, Self Setting Rat Trap, which is now attracting the attention of the farming community. Look out for their new ad. in next issue.

MARRIED.

On the 14th inst., in Millheim, by Rev. J. M. Smith, Mr. James D. Lose, with Miss Laura G. Held, all of Millheim.

DIED.

On the 11th inst., in Gregg township, Mrs. Julia Ann, wife of Wm. Weaver, aged 56 years, 7 months and 7 days.

Spring Mills Market.

——Old wheat 90, new 85.
No 2 wheat 85
Rye, 45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 22c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $3.00 to $3.75
Chop, per ton, $20.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter, 16c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 15c.
Tub washed wool 35c,
Packed butter worked over, 10c.

Coal, Retail.	By Car, Gross.
Egg, $4 65	$4 10
Stove, $5 00	$4 55
Chestnut, $4 25	$3 70
Pea, $2 90	$2 45

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—The books and vendue notes of the late Dr. Peter Smith, dec'd., have been left with Wm. B. Mingle, where all interested will please call and make settlement without further delay, as after January 1, 1879, the books and notes will be placed in hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection by legal process.
24 oct tf CHARLES SMITH, Ex.

☞ BONNETS, TRIMMINGS, ☜
☞ MILLINERY, ☜
—AT—
MRS. LUCY HENNY'S,
CENTRE HALL,

who has just received from Philadelphia, the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of new Bonnets, new Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. 24 oct 4t

PRIVATE SALE.—A CHOICE FARM AND HOUSE AND LOT.—The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp., Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty-three acres, more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others, is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never-failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high, almost new, a FRAME BANK BARN, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm.

Also one HOUSE and LOT situated in Boalsburg, Centre county, the house is 2 stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings, also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also 2 acres and 123 perches of excellent land situated near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg, within two squares of above house.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. Sept 5 tf

Free for 1878.

The Examiner and Chronicle.

[Established in 1823.]

THE LEADING BAPTIST NEWSPAPER,

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☞ Energetic Canvassers are wanted, and will be paid a liberal CASH Commission. For sample copies and terms to canvassers address P. O. Box 3835, New York City. 17 oct

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE:—Will be sold by order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on

Saturday, November 2d, 1878,

the property of George Harpster, dec'd, to wit: No. 1, Bounded south by lands of David Stover, east by lands of Jacob Arney, north by lands of Henry Witmer, west by road, containing TWO ACRES and Sixty five per

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Linnet's Fee.

Once I saw a wee brown linnet
Dancing on a tree,
Dancing on a tree.
How her feet flew every minute
As she danced at me-e-e ;
How her feet flew every minute
As she danced at me !

"Sing a song for me, wee linnet,
Sing a song for me,
Sing a song for me."
"Oh, Miss, if you'll wait a minute,
Till my mate I see-e-e ;
Oh, Miss, if you'll wait a minute,
He will sing for thee."

"Thank you, thank you, wee brown linnet
For amusing me,
For amusing me ;
You have danced for many a minute,
You must tired be-e-e,
You have sung for many minutes,
You must tired be."

"Thanks would starve us," cried the linnets
As he sung at me,
As she danced at me—
"Should you sing like this ten minutes,
You would want a fee-e-e ;
Should you dance like this ten minutes
You would want a fee."

"Pardon me, I pray, dear linnet,
Fly down from your tree,
Fly down from your tree.
I will come back in a minute
With some seed for thee-e-e ;
I will come back in a minute
With some seed for thee,"
—*Mrs. A. A. Preston, in St. Nicholas.*

The Brave Little Flower Girl.

At the entrance of one of the large hotels in Boston, you will frequently see, at noon, and early in the evening, a little flaxen-haired girl, with button-hole bouquets to sell. She is rather tall for her age, has a sweet, gentle face, and looks as if she might have a story—and so she has. Well, here it is, just as little blue-eyed Mary told it to me herself; and though it does read "like a book," I find it all true :

"I was nine years old, ma'am, when I first began to sell flowers, but that was four years ago. You see we were very poor. Father was dead and mother was sick in bed. I was the oldest, and there were lots of little ones younger than me. One day mother was sicker than usual, and we hadn't a bit of coal in the house, or anything to eat. Mother had just twenty-five cents left in her pocket-book—that was all—but I happened to remember how an aunt of mine used to make a good deal of money by selling flowers. So I asked mother to let me have the quarter to see what I could do with it. Well, she let me have it, and I went right to a florist and got some flowers—it don't take many, you know, for a button hole, just a little bit of green and a few buds are enough—and then I went around to the St. James' and some other hotels to sell them. Folks were real kind, ma'am, and I made fifty cents on the first quarter.

"Ever since then I've kept on selling flowers. I never go near the saloons, ma'am, but I have found good sales for my bouquets at the large hotels. Now, I always come here, for the ladies and gentlemen all know me, and do a great deal to help me. Sometimes they give me great beautiful bouquets, that I can make up into lots of little ones. Here are some of them," and the little girl showed me two or three dainty little bunches—a pansy and white pink with a bit of smilax between — rosebud and heliotrope bouquets—that she sold at fifteen cents apiece.

"They used to give me nice things, too, to carry home to mother—pieces of chicken, you know, and such like. Why, there's one particular place in the dining-room now, where they put my brown paper bag ; and I'm always sure to find it full when I go home at night ! Mother died last winter, about Christmas time, so I live with grandmother now. Usually, I earn about six dollars a week that I carry home to her ! but sometimes I can make ten."

Brave little Mary ! She tells her story in the simplest, most unaffected way; but I know that for nearly four years she was the sole support and comfort of that poor sick mother and those little helpless children.—*Wide Awake.*

The New World's Nomenclature.

The names of American cities are a study; the face of the continent is studded with illustrious names as thickly as the surface of the moon. Washington is of course the favorite; he the father of the country, has left his autograph in every State, if not in every county of our confederation. The capital of the republic bears his name. Twenty-seven counties or more bear it; of cities, towns and villages, there are not less than one hundred and fifty Washingtons, besides the Washington Hollows, Washington Heights, Washington Lakes and half a dozen Washingtonvilles. If there be gratitude at baptismal fonts, Americans are certainly not ungrateful to the man whose genius achieved their freedom, and whose wisdom founded their empire. Franklin has given his name to about twenty counties and one of more parishes, to one hundred and sixteen cities, towns and villages, to say nothing of compounds of his name, such as Franklinton, Franklinville and the like. Jefferson and Madison follow these worthies, there being nearly twenty counties, with no less than eighty towns, villages and hamlets named for each of these presidents. There is nearly a quarter hundred Jeffersonvilles. Lincoln has his name preserved in several Western counties and townships, as has also Douglas; while Fremont, and military heroes, have given their names to several hamlets. In time we shall have Stanleys, Edisons, etc., in plenty. There are at least thirty-seven Miltons, and several Miltonvilles, with one Miltonsburg. There are quite a number of Hampdens, and seven Sidneys. Cromwell finds five cities named after him in America, and the great admiral of the commonwealth has given his name to two Blakesburgs and one Blakesville. There are several Napoleons, Nelsons and Wellingtons. Next to. Milton, Byron among the poets seems to carry off the prize of popularity as thus tested. No less than a dozen towns and cities bear the poet's name. Nearly twenty towns are called Marlborough and one Marlbrook. Commoner names jostle each other oddily—Troys, Londons, Romes, Jerusalems, Calcuttas, Cairos and the like. There are twenty Viennas, seventeen Lisbons, and twenty-two Parises, but not one Constantinople. But the City of the Sultan in these stirring and trying times may now look for these trans-Atlantic recognition. Every event in Europe seems to write its story on the blank spaces of the new world, for already there are a dozen Kossuths, counties and towns here, one or more post-villages named Jenny Lind and Bismarck, while Larmartine has seven towns growing laurels for his brow. Curiously enough, there is not a single Shakspeare, though there are not less than three Romeos and two Hamlets.

An Editor Who Wouldn't be Cowhided.

We find this story in some reminiscencies of Justice Miller, of the United States supreme court, written up for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, by George Alfred Townsend: Judge Miller related another incident of the fighting days in Kentucky, when an editor by the name, I think, of Matthewson, was applied to by a citizen of Richmond to furnish him with the name of the author of a personal paragraph in his paper. The editor replied that he required until the next day to see the author and get his permission. "Very well," said the caller, "you give it me to-morrow, or I will cowhide you for concealing the name of the miscreant?" Next day, at the appointed time in came the gentleman in pursuit of revenge, with a cowhide in his hand, as he had promised. Matthewson said : "I decline to give the name of the author. I have seen him, and he withholds his permission." "Very well," said the man drawing his cowhide—but at this instant the editor shot him dead. No judicial proceedings followed these little Kentucky privileges.

Experiments with Rattlesnake Poison.

An Indianapolis (Ind.) paper says : A series of experiments was recently made in this city by Dr. I. R. Haynes with the view of studying the effects of snake poison upon the blood and tissues of the animal system. The experiments were witnessed by Professor R. U. Piper, of Chicago, who caused a description of the same to be published in the *Times* of that city. One object of the experiments, as stated by the *Times*, was to note the effects of the poison with reference to its use as a remedial agent in certain cases of disease. The chief factor in the experiments was a fine rattlesnake about eleven years old and three and a half or four feet long, which Dr. Haynes has confined in a wire cage. Some thirty animals were used in the experiments, such as rats, hens, pigeons and rabbits. They lived varying periods after being bitten, death not following in any regular sequence of time, as is generally believed. One rat died in eight minutes, one in twelve, and the next rat lived twenty-seven hours, the next one surviving twenty hours. A pigeon died in seventy-five minutes. A hen, which was struck three times, lived for three days in a stupid condition, and finally recovered.

The symptoms were labored breathing, paralysis of the hind extremities in the quadrupeds, and absence of blood in the extremities. After death the hearts were found gorged with blood in a fluid state. This non-coagulation of blood Professor Piper was inclined to attribute to fright or excitement just before death.

It was noticed during the experiments that the snake appeared capable of striking from several different positions, according as it suited his convenience, but when about to strike there were always two lateral curves of the body, one backward and one forward. The rattlesnake springs only two-thirds of his own length, and always strikes at the neck, or as high up as he can get. In the experiments in this city every animal put into the snake's cage was struck in the neck, except one that received the fatal blow immediately over the eye. The snake's fang makes a very small wound, and but little blood escapes. Inflammation sets in at once. The animal struck seems to suffer very little pain, but to be rather in a stupefied condition. Human beings are said to suffer acute pain from the wound. In the course of the investigation here Professor Piper tried to get an idea of the method in which the snake struck, but it was impossible. The snake's motion was so rapid that no eye could follow it. Lightning was not more sudden in its movements.

Some additional facts concerning the experiments in this city are described in the *Times* as follows: "Dr. Haynes cut off the points of the teeth of a large rat that he had put into the cage, lest the snake should be rendered incapable of performing any experiments. The rat tried to keep away from the snake, but the latter felt that his premises were invaded, and struck at the rat. The latter, partially disarmed as he was, at once turned round and made a sturdy fight for a few seconds. He bit the snake, and the snake struck him three or four times. At last he felt the effects of the poison, and walked off as far from the snake as he could get. He lived for twenty-seven hours after this. A dove put into the cage exhibited no fear of the snake, and showed no signs of suffering after being struck. Nor, in fact, did the wound seem to have any effect on the bird for a time. About an hour after the wound was made the bird's breathing was short and hard. This was the first symptoms of poisoning, and in fifteen minutes more the bird was dead. In the case of all these animals no blood flowed after death, and yet the blood at the heart was not coagulated. The authorities differ as to the liability of the blood to coagulate after a snake bite, but in all these cases the blood was uncoagulated."

Saved Because She Could Swim.

The London *Standard* says : Among the few survivors from the terrible wreck of the Princess Alice are three members of the same family—Mr. Thorpe, of the old Kent road, a young man seventeen years of age ; his sister, Miss Thorpe, who is a year older than himself, and his brother, a mere boy of nine. All three owe their lives to the fact that they could swim. When the terrible crash was heard and the doomed vessel began to settle down, these three children—for children they almost are in years, if not in courage and presence of mind—found themselves struggling in the water. The boys, it would seem, were somewhat separated from their sister. They were both picked up by the same boat, and were, when it helped them from their perilous position, swimming side by side. The sister, who was older than either, achieved her own safety. She struck boldly out, and—in spite of the encumbrance of her garments, the force of the tide, the darkness of the night and the danger to which she cannot but have been subjected by the frantic efforts of those who were struggling around her in the water to catch and cling to any object within their grasp—succeeded in reaching the bank. It seems little short of a miracle that, under such circumstances, a mere girl, not twenty years of age, weighted with her heavy woman's dress, bewildered by the suddenness of the catastrophe, frightened—as she must have been—by the terrible nature of the scene, and helpless for want of her natural protectors, should have been able, single-handed, to save her life. The feat is the more remarkable when we bear in mind the fact that Miss Thorpe is not—as are some young women of her age—a swimmer of endurance. That she can hold her own gallantly in the water the result has sufficiently shown. But she is merely an English girl who, like her brothers, had been taught to swim. She has never attempted the distance from London bridge to Greenwich ; she has never, so far as appears, competed for any prize ; and, were it not for the fact that she owes her life to her own skill and presence of mind, her ability to defy a sharp current on a cold, chill, dark night would be no matter of public record ; and yet the exploit she accomplished is, if we consider it, almost marvelous. The tide was rushing swiftly down ; the water must have been cold and benumbing ; the night, as we know, was dark and foggy ; there were round about her all the horrors of the scene ; the "last farewell" was rising from river to sky ; in the water the strugglers were grappling, in their last agony, each with each—and yet through all these horrors she fought her way with a calm, quiet confidence which men who have stood under fire and confronted death in other and even more sudden shapes might well envy her.

The Spirits He Smelled.

At a recent trial of a liquor case the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen in the defendant's domicile, which he said he had visited "a number of times."

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.

"Why, yes—I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirits it was ?"

"Spirits o' turpentine !"

As soon as the roars of laughter that resulted had subsided, the witness was at once discharged, the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

Dan Newman, of Sierra valley, Cal., killed 205 blackbirds by emptying only two barrels from a shotgun into a flock of them the other day. This may appear a rather improbable story, but it is vouched for by a half dozen or so reliable witnesses. The birds were huddled together in a grain field where a threshing machine had shortly before been in operation, when Newman fired at them, and each shot seemed to have brought down a separate victim.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

The old scoop bonnet is revived.

Trains are not so long as last year.

Elbow sleeves are very fashionable.

Lace pendants are attached to the fronts of wide lace collars.

The latest novelty in veils is black dotted, net lined, with white illusion.

Corduroy velvet will be largely used for the underskirts of winter costumes.

The embroidered handkerchief caps worn over a round mob cap of Brussels net, edged with a frill, are called "creole caps."

Twelve and six button white kid gloves are shown for evening wear, with the small mother of pearl buttons in stead of gilt ones.

White barege is used for inexpensive bridal dresses. Such dresses are trimmed with white satin and garlands of orange blossoms.

On some of the dresses for next season are to be worn accessories—that is to say, plastrons, pockets and cuffs composed entirely of feathers.

Black felt bonnets in close princesse shape, trimmed with a band of cashmere feathers, or else with an Alsacian bow of velvet and satin ribbon, will be popularly worn during the fall and winter.

Bullet-shaped buttons come in colored pearl, in brass, in steel, and crocheted in colors and in black, for winter dresses. When two colors appear in the dress goods, the round silk button is of the lighter color, nearly covered with crocheted netting of the darker shade.

Satin, this season, has unusual consideration. Plain satin will be very much employed, especially black satin in combination with black silk. There are also satin-striped gros grain and lengthwise corded silks, with satin striped, and plain *moires antiques*.

The newest black velvet bags are embroidered in gold and in other colors in floral patterns. Wide velvet belts are wrought in the same colors to be worn with them. Plain velvet bags have gilt bands and monograms. The old-time beaded reticules are again revived.

Hosiery for the fall is in hair-line stripes around the limb, and is embroidered up each side. This is not new, but promises to be the popular design. More expensive stockings are of solid dark color, with the instep and ankle of a light shade, striped across with pencilled lines of the dark color.

News and Notes About Women.

A Spanish woman walks in the Paris boulevards leading a dove with a ribbon.

No woman can be employed in an Austrian railway office unless she is under twenty-five and will promise not to marry under three years.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has prepared for the coming season three new lectures: "Home Life," "The Rights of Children" and "The Peterkin Family."

M'lle Marguerite Gidel, daughter of the principal of Henri IV. college in Paris, has just passed with success the first part of her examination as Bachelor of Arts at the Paris Faculty of Letters. The young lady is only sixteen years of age.

All honor to that brave Wisconsin woman, Mrs. Charles Schleys, who left a luxurious home in Milwaukee to nurse the sick in the yellow fever hospital at Jackson, Miss. There is more heroism in such an act than leading a charge amid the fear-forgetting excitement of battle.—*Utica Herald.*

Chicago has a woman's medical college which has lived through some eight years of varied existence. It is called the Woman's Hospital Medical college. Dr. W. H. Byford is president of a faculty of sixteen members, and Dr. Sarah H. Stevenson is professor of physiology. Candidates must be graduates of a high school, or its equivalent, or they must show a teacher's certificate from a county superintendent of schools. In the absence of either of these they must pass an examination before the faculty on the branches of a good common school education.

Mrs. Van Cott, the preacher, was born in New York city, and she is nearly fifty years of age. Her father was Major Newton, manager of John Jacob Astor's estate. He became insane. Marrying and soon becoming a widow, she attended to her husband's business of drug broker. She was converted on a Fulton ferryboat while thinking about religion. Becoming a preacher, she traveled through the country, and she counts more than twenty-seven thousand conversions as the result of her labors. She weighs 225 pounds, and is now in California.

Waking up the Baby.

Just at dust the other dismal day r the children, the oldest of whom did not seem over ten years old, were huddled together on the rickety steps of an old house on Beaubien street. A pedestrian peeped over their heads to read the number on the door, and the children looken so frightened that he asked :

"Children, where are your father and mother?"

"Father's been gone way off for ever so long, and mother goes out to wash and hasn't got home yet," answered the eldest, a girl.

"And you are all alone?"

"Yes, sir, but baby is on the bed. He's been asleep an awful long time, and we can't wake him up. If we could we'd play hide and seek and let him find us."

"Is the baby sick," inquired the man.

"We don't know, sir, but we can't wake him up ; I touched him and touched him, and Charlie he tickled his feet but little Sandy never moved once. I guess he is awful sleepy. Don't you think you could wake him up ?"

"I'll try," replied the man as he went in, and when the girl had lighted the lamp he followed her into a bedroom in which there was neither carpet nor furniture. Pushed back against the broken wall was a poor old straw tick and a single quilt. He bent over to look at the child, and the first glance showed him that little Sandy was dead. On the window sill were some pieces of bread and a cup of milk which the children intended to feed him. The dead child's hand clasped a rag doll made of an old calico apron, and its thin little feet and pale face were evidences that it had known sickness and hunger throughout its brief life. While the children waited for him to open his eyes and romp with them and drive the gloom out of the house, the angels had whispered to him and his eyes had unclosed to behold the splendors of heaven.

"Won't he wake up ?" asked one of the children, standing back in the shadow.

"Children, you must not come in here until your mother comes !" he said as he left the room.

"Won't he be afraid to wake up in the dark, they cried.

"He will sleep a long time yet !" he whispered, not daring to tell them the truth, and as he went out they put the light in on the bedroom floor, that little Sandy might not find darkness around him when his sleep had ended. Poor things ! They knew not and they could not see the crown of glory on the dead child's brow—a crown whose light all the shadows of earth can never darken in the least.—*Free Press.*

Archers were a formidable part of all ancient armies, and the use of the bow seems to have been known to all nations when first discovered. The Scythians were the best ancient archers, and the English among the moderns. The victories of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt were chiefly gained by the English archers. The Scythian bow was of horn. The English long bow was five feet six, and they were made of steel and brass. Arrows were from three to five feet. Ash was used by the English, and goose feathered, two of the sledges white and one black. The heads were iron or brass, with light steel points and small barbs. The strings were of gut or hide or hemp. A sheaf of arrows was twenty-four, and the archer was armed with a maul and a dagger. The English archer drew to the ear steadily. A furlong was the distance of the butt in shooting at marks. The Parthians and other nations had horse archers.

The Man-Eating Shark.

The warmth of the water in tropical latitudes seems to have the same effect on the monsters of the deep that the climate has on the temperament of man. The barracuda is savage and aggressive as a tiger, and the cruel voracity of the king of the Cannibal islands is quite eclipsed by the horrible, treacherous, stealthy nature of that sea-pirate, the man-eating shark. It is stated, and from what I have heard I am inclined to think it is true, that the shark prefers white men to negroes, and will only attack and eat the latter on rare occasions. An English frigate's crew on the edge of the Bahama bank killed sixty of these monsters in one day's sport a few years ago, so numerous are they in those waters. This might have been a means taken by the British government to revenge itself, as on some savage tribe regardless of diplomatic remonstrances and the courtesy of nations, for the liberty taken by the sharks with the crew of an English ship-of-war some years earlier. The Magpie schooner was cruising off Cuba for pirates when she was struck by an "ox-eye" squall —a wind coming without other warning than a small round cloud in a clear sky, rushing with the rapidity of a cannonball. She was over in an instant, and, to make a long story short, the whole crew but two were devoured by a school of sharks which were lying in wait. Gliding in among the horror-stricken crowd of seamen, they played with them for awhile as a cat does with her prey. But the first taste of blood was like alcohol to a drunkard, and in a few moments only two of the crew survived in a boat which had floated off from the vessel as she went down. After they had been in that boat several days, parched, starved and roasted by the tropic sun, a brig hove in sight, slowly passing two miles away with a very light morning air just filling the sails. As she did not seem to see the boat, one of the men jumped into the water and swam off to her. He was followed by two sharks, which kept him company the whole of that long, awful swim. But he scared them off by flapping his jacket—the shark is a great coward. Just as he was about to give up the race in despair, the man at the wheel looked over the rail and saw him. A boat was lowered, and he and his shipmate were saved. Nothing one sees at sea so sends an involuntary shudder through him as to see the edge of the dorsal fin of a shark floating like an upright spar on the surface of the water. You know at once that mischief is lurking there.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Oldest Building in New England.

The oldest building in New England is the "Cradock house," situated on Ship street, Medford, Massachusetts, one mile from the town-house. It was built by Governor Cradock's mechanics —the owner never left England—in 1634, or two hundred and forty-four years ago. It is on the north bank of the Mystic, opposite the "Ten Hills farm," which is in Somerville, on the south bank. The Ten Hills farm was located by Governor Winthrop, a near or two previous to 1634, but the house he built was of wood, and a hundred years ago gave way to the present old mansion on the farm. The Cradock house was located opposite to Governor Winthrop's, in order that Winthrop might have an oversight over the mechanics of his English friend, who was a leading man with him in the Massachusetts company, organized by royal charter, and probably the richest man.

The mechanics of Cradock were ship carpenters and builders. They built their houses of brick from clay dug and burned on the spot, probably the first brick made in Massachusetts, save at Salem in 1629, and not excepting the pilgrims of Plymouth, whose first house was built of logs. The Cradock house is not only the oldest house, but it is the first built in Medford, and the mechanics who lived in it founded the shipbuilding business for which the town was so famous. The house, as before stated, is of brick, is two stories high, about fifty by thirty-five, with a roof neither "gambrel" nor "pitch," but is a compromise between the two. The walls are pierced with four portholes in the front and two on each end, through which it is supposed the inmates could attend to any Indians who might have had a disposition to be troublesome.

It is a quaint-looking old building, apparently good for another hundred years, though the front wall has wabbled a little out of plumb by time. The house is well worthy of a visit by those interested in American antiquities.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

A Puzzled Boy.

The young son of a widow living on Park street entered the house the other day with excited step, and called to his mother :

"You'd better get this house all slicked up, for there's a stranger man going to call as soon as he gets through talking with the grocer on the corner !"

"Man with the gas bill, I suppose,' was her indifferent reply.

"Not by a jug full !" continued the boy. "He's all dressed in broadcloth, has a big gold watch, looks as if he owned a bank and he was asking me about you."

"Is that possible ? I wonder who it can be ? What did he ask ?"

"He asked if you were as handsome as ever, and if you had grown old very fast, and if you had married again !"

"He did ? Gracious ! but who can it be ?"

"I don't know, only he is good-looking and rich, and—and— !"

"And what did you tell him ?"

"I told him you wouldn't marry the best man in the world, and it wouldn't do him any good to come spooking"—

"I'll give you an awful licking if you don't split the rest of that wood !" interrupted the mother with sudden energy, and he was run into the back yard and given a cuff on the ear as he left the door. He leaned on the axe-helve and surveyed the windows in wonderment, and by-and-bye he mused :

"She is all us saying she's going to live for her dear children alone, but if this looks like it then I don't know the family ! I'll tell the next man that the whole six of us are on the marry for taters in the cellar and a posish in society !"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Comfort in Small Rooms.

In furnishing small rooms so that they will be comfortable as well as tidy, a few rules must be observed. The wall-paper should be of some small pattern, in the first place. If the rooms are low, hang the pictures low, the more space there is between the top of the picture and the ceiling, the higher your room will look. It is a very common mistake to imagine that the higher the pictures are hung the higher the room will appear. The next to be considered is the furniture. Anything large ought to be avoided. It is not the quantity, but the size of furniture in a room that seems to crowd it. A number of small tables in a small drawing-room will take up far less room, and be much more useful than one big one. Even the ornaments should be chosen judiciously; they ought all to be small and delicately shaped, and harmonious in color. It is not easy to keep a small house tidy unless you have plenty of places in which to stow away things. There is no possible room for large chests of drawers, chiffoniers, or even that convenient thing a box ottoman, in so limited a space as that we are considering. One must resort to shelves and small cupboards, put up on the wall in any unoccupied corner that can be found. Even these may be turned to ornamental as well as useful purposes, for nothing is easier than to get plain deal cupboards, painted black and gold, and with pretty designs on the panels. Shelves, too, covered with cloth the same color as the curtains or furniture in the room, add to its effect, and help to keep it tidy. It is by no means impossible to live very comfortably and tastefully in a small house.

Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar, where they can get a little light, will do much toward absorbing and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are so apt to lurk in such places.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

What is supposed to have been the shock of an earthquake was felt along the Hudson, from West Point to Peekskill, the other morning. A rumbling sound preceded and followed the shock, which lasted about thirty minutes, rattling windows and waking up people.

A six-days' championship pedestrian match between Daniel O'Leary and Thomas Hughes, took place in New York, and was won by O'Leary, who covered 403 miles to his opponent's 310. The contest was for the champion belt, won by O'Leary in London some time ago, and about 40,000 persons were present during the course of the match.

A fire in Paterson, N. J., destroyed a portion of the Passaic rolling mill, doing damage to the extent of over $50,000, and throwing 600 hands temporarily out of employment.

The second cricket match between the Australian eleven and an American team took place in Philadelphia, the opponents of the visitors being a picked eleven from the Young America club. The match resulted in a draw, the Americans having 249 runs and the Australians 206 when time was called.

At Woodbridge, six miles from New Haven, Conn., the clothing of Mrs. Jacob Kunz caught fire from the kitchen stove. The sufferer rushed to the barn in a frenzy, and rolling about the floor set the hay and bedding on fire. Shortly after she rushed into the open air, her clothing having been burned off and her body literally roasted black. She jumped into a well to ease her sufferings and was drowned, though her burns were sufficiently serious to have caused death.

A fire in West Thirty-fourth street, New York, partially destroyed the large piano manufactory of George Steck, entailing a loss of about $60 000, on which the insurance is in the vicinity of $30,000.

An excursion train, consisting of twenty cars and two locomotives, was returning from a regatta on Silver lake, Mass., and when about seven miles from Boston, the engines jumped the track, carrying with them five cars, all of which were wrecked. The accident occurred at the Wolaston gravel pits, where there is a sloping embankment of some twenty feet. The conductor had ordered the brakes applied, and the engineer of the second engine had applied a pressure of ninety-five pounds, when he felt his engine jump the track. His engine pulled the first from the track, and both plunged down the embankment in a wreck. The baggage car, which immediately followed, was pushed along the track and left standing. The smoking-car struck the corner of the second tender and had its entire side torn out. In this were boating men and their ladies and reporters, and every person on the left hand side of the car were either killed or badly injured. The next car was hurled to the other side of the track, and broken in two. The three following cars plunged down the bank, and were piled upon each other in one mass of broken timbers, with hundreds of people dead, dying and terribly hurt, jammed together in an indistricable confusion. Those in the cars at the rear experienced a slight shock as of a sudden stop, but sat quietly for fully fifteen minutes before ascertaining that there was any serious trouble. The scene just after the crash was a repetition of the too-frequently-drawn ghastly picture—mangled bodies of the dead lying in the huge confusion of broken cars ; the injured living struggling to free themselves ; moaning men with broken arms and shattered legs lying helpless, here and there ; the slightly injured rushing about in a dazed and helpless condition ; and panic and distress everywhere. Word was immediately telegraphed to Boston, and relief cars, with physicians on board and material for the wounded was at once sent out, while the townspeople of Wolaston and the local physicians were prompt to lend helping hands wherever possible. Reagan, one of the principals in the day's boat race, was among the fatally injured, and he died soon after his removal from the palace-car in which he had been riding wi h the managers of the race and a number of leading local celebrities. About twenty persons were killed and over 100 injured more or less severely. Among the dead and wounded were several members of the press.

By an explosion of fire-damp in the Prospect shaft of the Lehigh coal company, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jenkins Lewis, George Tasker, John Williams and James Ruanne—four miners who were at work together in a distant chamber—were buried against the side of the gangway, and received injuries from which they died.

The other day about forty large wagons, preceded by boys, who warned the inmates of houses of their approach, went through the streets of New York and persons accompanying them gathered clothing for the yellow fever sufferers of the South. A large quantity of clothing of every description was obtained.

Twelve buildings—one of them a large chair factory—on Sixty-first and adjacent streets in New York, were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about $100,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

Western and Southern States.

By the explosion of a boiler in Batchelor's sawmill, at Forman Station, Mich., Jesse Forman was killed, and four other men were seriously injured. The mill was totally destroyed.

Officer Race, of the Chicago police, was shot and instantly killed by a man driving a wagon, who was acting suspiciously, and who disappeared after murdering the policeman.

Much alarm was occasioned throughout Kansas and Colorado by an outbreak among the Indians, who left their reservation and began to plunder and kill the settlers and ranchmen. Seventeen bodies of whites, who had been murdered, were found. United States troops were sent in pursuit of the marauders, and settlers and stock men organized for defense.

Henry Greenebaum, ex-president of the German savings bank of Chicago has been arrested on the charge of embezzling $225,000.

Deputy Revenue Collector Phillips recently returned to Nashville, Tenn., from a raid among illicit distilleries in Overton, Jackson, Fentress and Putnam counties. Several small distilleries were destroyed. The revenue officers had a severe fight with a party of about fifty men, armed with long-range rifles and posted on a bluff. Four of the distillers were killed and others wounded, but the officers finally retreated, for want of ammunition.

The October elections in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and West Virginia have been held, with varying results. In Ohio, on the day after election, the success of the Republican State ticket was conceded ; the Democrats elected their State ticket in Indiana ; the Republicans theirs in Iowa, and in West Virginia the entire Democratic congressional delegation was declared elected. In several of the congressional districts the contest was close.

The Greenbackers elected two congressmen in Iowa.

The Missouri Republican State convention, in session at St. Louis, nominated a ticket headed by Alexander K. Dement for supreme court judge, on a hard-money platform.

A boiler explosion at Burns' mills, near Hope, Ark., killed two men and severely injured several others.

Charles Everman and a neighbor, who were cutting corn in a field near Decatur, Ill., became involved in an altercation. Everman struck his neighbor three blows on the neck with a corn-cutter, severing the head from the body.

In the Indiana legislature the Democrats have a majority of about six on joint ballot, insuring them the election of a United States senator, to succeed Daniel W. Voorhees. The congressional delegation stands nine Democrats to four Republicans ; a Democratic gain of three.

In Ohio the Republican plurality on the State ticket is variously estimated from thr e to eight thousand. The congressional delegation stands eleven Democrats to nine Republicans ; a gain of three for the former party.

A prairie fire in Swift county, Minn., cleared everything in its track on thirty square miles of territory, compelling the farmers to flee for their safety, and sweeping the farms of all combustible material. Where once were hundreds of prosperous farms, all is now a black, desolate area, and scarcely a dollar of property remains. The farmers in the fire-devoured region are destitute, having lost everything except their lives.

From Washington.

The United States steamer Plymouth has sailed from the Portsmouth (Va.) navy yard for Santa Cruz to protect American residents there during the insurrection. She carries twelve guns and 220 officers and men, including twenty marines.

Government clerks will be allowed ten days to go home and vote.

The president has published a proclamation commanding all persons in New Mexico, and especially in Lincoln county, who are obstructing the execution of the laws of the United States, to disperse and go peaceably to their respective abodes on or before Oct. 13. In accordance with this proclamation, the secretary of war sent the following to Gen. Sherman : "The president has issued a proclamation declaring that, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages of persons, the laws of the United States within the territory of New Mexico, and especially in Lincoln county therein, cannot be enforced by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, and commanding the persons comprising such combinations or assemblages to disperse and repair peaceably to their respective abodes before twelve o'clock, noon, on the 13th inst. This proclamation is preliminary to the employment of troops of the United States to preserve the peace and enforce the laws, in case disturbances and unlawful combinations continue after the time named. The president, therefore, directs that you instruct the proper military officer that after the time above mentioned has expired he will proceed to disperse by military force all such unlawful combinations or assemblages of persons within the said territory, and that he will by the use of such force, and so long as resistance to the laws shall continue, aid the governor and authorities of the territory in keeping peace and enforcing the laws."

The number of silver dollars coined up to the ninth is 17,000,000, of which not more than 2,000,000 are believed by the treasury department to be in actual circulation.

From reports forwarded by ten of the largest postoffices in the country, it is believed the system of registration of third-class mail matter, which went into effect recently, is a success.

Secretary Sherman has decided to issue legal-tender notes of the denominations of $5,000 and $10,000, and designs for the plates are now being prepared at the bureau of engraving and printing. The highest denomination of United States notes now issued is $1,000. The new notes will not be issued until Jan. 1 and are intended to take the place of coin certificates, which, it is expected, the notes of the larger denomination will in a great measure, if not entirely, supersede.

Foreign News.

The story is revived that many colored citizens of the United States are held in bondage on the island of Cuba, having been kidnapped from the States of Florida and Louisiana and sold into slavery. During the progress of the insurrection on the island of Cuba, investigation was obstructed, but as difficulties are now removed by the restoration of peace, our government will promptly act on all representations from responsible sources clarging the kidnapping of colored citizens.

The whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina is subdued and the country is in the hands of the Austrian army of occupation.

Saad Detden Pasha and 156 soldiers under him were massacred in Albania by the infuriated inhabitants when they were informed by the pasha that the sultan of Turkey had sen him to arrange for the transfer of Podgoritz to Montenegro.

An insurrection among the colored population of Santa Cruz, an island in the West Indies, is reported. The insurgents burned one town, destroyed sugar estates and murdered several leading planters. In one engagement the insurrectionists were routed and 200 of them killed.

The Pacific mail steamship Georgia ran over some concealed rocks on a sandy point 250 miles northwest of Panama, and became a total wreck. The passengers and crew were saved, and it was thought most of the cargo could be recovered. The vessel was valued at $150,000.

The Canadian government has resigned and Sir John A. McDonald has been intrusted with the formation of a cabinet.

Over 100 estates on the island of Santa Cruz were laid waste by the insurrectionists.

There has been quite a panic among persons holding stock in London gas companies owing to the discovery of Professor Edison, the American inventor, that by the distribution of electric light a cheaper illuminating agent is attainable.

The Yellow Fever Scourge.

A New Orleans dispatch of the fourth to a New York paper gives the following fearful details : "The fever seem still to maintain its hold upon the outer borders of the city, more especially in the rear and lower limits with a further extension out of Algiers up to Gretna. In the center of the city only a few cases still linger. The best authorities say that there have not been less than twenty-five thousand cases of fever in this city up to the present time. Last night and this morning, accompanied by two physicians of the Howard and Young Men's Christian associations, Drs. Grossart and George Stumpf, I drove along the rear portions of the city, where large numbers of the poorer population are now suffering from the fever. In some places I found two, three and four children in one bed, all down with the fever. At one place there were eight in the family—father, mother and six children—some sick and some well, but only one left to care for all. Several I found lying on the bare floor, having under them only a few rags, and with filth and vile odors in every corner. In this house I noticed one of the patients particularly, a young girl of about seventeen summers, with handsome, regular features and large dark eyes that were inexpressibly sad. She seemed sinking amid the squalor and indecency of the apartment. At another place I saw four children lying in one bed, all of whom had been taken sick within a few hours of each other. Still another family was visited where three children had been stricken down within about fifteen minutes of each other. It seems most remarkable that many of these cases ever recovered. Some would take no medicine whatever; in one instance, through the ignorance and stupidity of parents, the medicine was mixed all together, and all given at one dose. The great tendency with the children seems to be toward relapsing. One little creature had had two relapses, once through eating acorns after he had been up and about for a few days in a chicken coop, and a whole family was discovered in a mere shed, the roof of which was partially covered with an old piece of tarpaulin. The Young Men's Christian association is singularly fortunate in having some of the best young physicians in our city. As sufficient time has now elapsed since my visit in the very worst districts in town, I am now able to judge of this. All the cases I saw then, upward of a hundred—and there were some very desperate ones—are doing well, with two exceptions. The cases under the care of Dr. M. F. Grosart are particularly noticeable for the care with which they have been treated. This energetic young physician, who since the fourth of August has been going incessantly day and night, has attended 275 cases and has lost only twelve. This good Samaritan, I am informed, has not only attended the sick free, but, in some instances, has also buried the dead at his own cost."

Holland's War with Atcheen.

The Dutch have still got that war on their hands in Atcheen. The contest has now been waging for about eight years, and has cost the Hollanders a pretty penny. A correspondent lately writing from Amsterdam says, "The Atcheen war is likely to ruin our finances. Scarcely has the chamber accorded a credit of several millions for the war than the government finds itself under the necessity of asking for new subsidies. This time it asks for eight millions. In order to cover the deficit entailed by the war, which has already involved a loan of forty-three millions of florins—the government has had to persuade the chamber to consent to a tax which has stirred up lively discontent among all classes. Atcheen is the northwest portion of the great isle of Sumatra, which at the nearest point is distant only thirty-five miles from Java; but Sumatra is 900 miles long, and Atcheen the portion most remote from Java. The Dutch have always viewed Atcheen with great jealousy and dislike, inasmuch as they regard the vicinity of a free and independent state as setting a bad example to their Malay population, which is in a state of serfage little removed from slavery. The Atcheenese are the most advanced of the native races of Sumatra, and are evidently a very formidable foe, with a great deal of staying power.

To cleanse and whiten the teeth, to sweeten the breath, use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Health-Destroying Vapor
Is generated by the action of the sun's rays upon damp, decaying vegetation, stagnant pools and marshy, low-lying tracts. The true nature of this miasma is by no means clearly understood, but there are two facts in relation to it that are. The first is, that the periodical fevers which it breeds are of the most virulent type ; the second is, that these maladies are rarely cured, although they may be ameliorated, by the ordinary remedies employed to overcome them. The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this continent fever and ague exists. A wing-assful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach.

The Fat Men's Convention.
We can see some pleasure, if no re